

The Sketch

No. 689.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

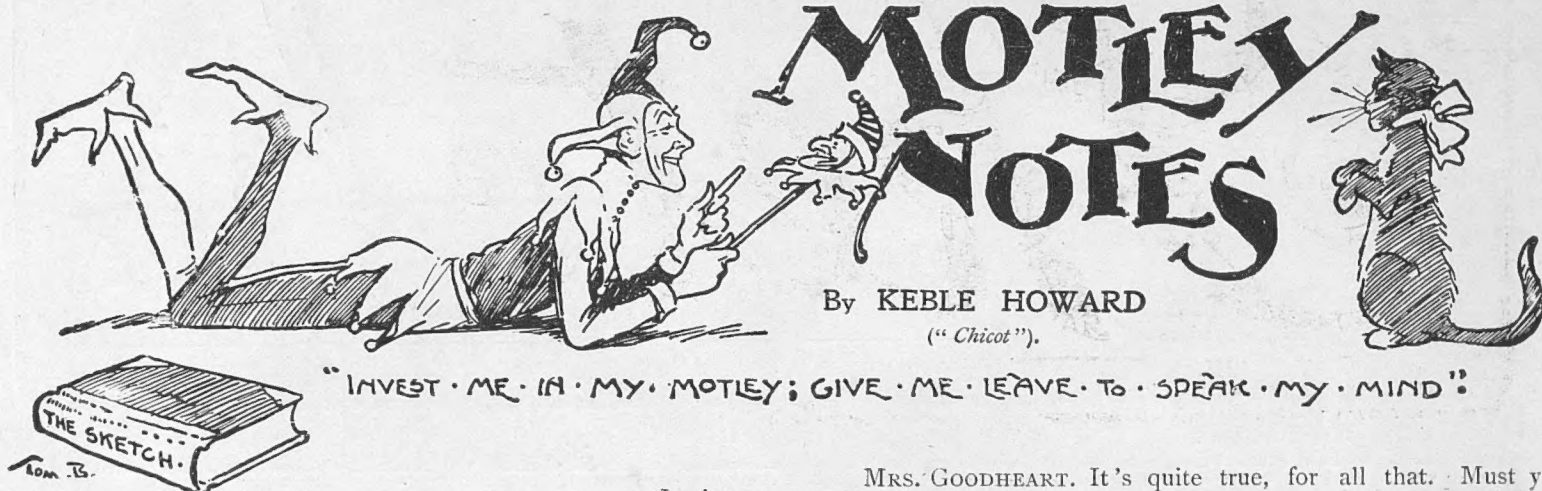


SECOND LIEUTENANT CLARK-KENNEDY.

THE SCOTS GUARDS RAGGING CASE: THE INQUIRY IN THE PRINCE CONSORT'S LIBRARY, ALDERSHOT.

The Court consisted of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Morton, President; Lieutenant-General A. S. Wynne; Major-General Sir F. Howard; Brigadier-General G. F. Browne; and Colonel A. E. Codrington, commanding the Coldstream Guards. Colonel Sinclair, Deputy Judge Advocate-General, was in attendance.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



London.

MOST people, I suppose, have played that satirical game known as "Russian Scandal"? (It is rather hard, by the way, that Russia should be associated with this candid criticism of modern manners more closely than any other country.) Nobody ever plays it, you know, without exclaiming, "Isn't it extraordinary? Would you ever have imagined that the original sentence could have got twisted round to that?" For my own part, I think it far less extraordinary that a sentence whispered from one ticklish ear to another should become contorted out of all recognition than that an innocent little conversation should develop, as it travels, into a definite charge of attempted crime. Let me trace for you the history of a scandal—an English scandal—from birth to maturity. A friend of mine came up to me in the club the other day with a face full of trouble. I had never seen him looking like that before, and his signs of deep distress were both perplexing and distressing. He is a sweet-natured fellow, I should tell you, who would go a mile out of his way to help a friend, but never a yard to injure an enemy. He is very happily married; indeed, I want you to understand that his relations with his wife are as nearly as possible ideal. His health is good; he has no money troubles; his children cause him no serious anxiety. Small wonder, then, that I greeted him with the remark, "My dear old chap, what in the world's the matter?"

"Matter enough," he replied. "D'you know what they're saying about me?"

"I neither know nor care," said I. "Scandal and the devil can take care of themselves."

"Yes, old boy, but this is serious." He drew me into a corner. "Mrs. Bearthetale called on my wife yesterday, and it seems that she has been told, on good authority, that one night last week I tried to murder her."

"Murder Mrs. Bearthetale?"

"No. My wife."

"And did you?"

"Don't be an ass. This is no laughing matter."

"Pardon me, though, I think it is."

"But suppose people believe it?"

"What if they do?"

"Well, don't you see that it will make things exceedingly unpleasant?"

"Why will it?"

"Well, everybody—that is to say, everybody who believes it—will cut me dead."

"And a very fine thing for you, old man."

And then he told me that I was a fool, and had no heart, and couldn't tell the difference between a joke and a disaster. Now, to be quite candid, I can. And, to prove it, I volunteered to unravel the skein, to trace the scandal from the very beginning, and show my good friend that I was quite right when I described it as a laughing matter. How I did it might prove a little wearisome in the telling, friend the reader, but I propose to give you the "real conversations" as they occurred. For purposes of identification, I will call my friend Goodheart. The name fits him as well as any you could mention.

CONVERSATION THE FIRST.

MRS. IDLECHATTER. And Tom? He's as well as ever, I hope?

MRS. GOODHEART. Perfectly well, thank you.

MRS. IDLECHATTER. We call you "The Ideal Lovers," you know. One never hears of any tiffs in your wonderful household.

MRS. GOODHEART. You're very kind. I expect we have our little differences, you know, just the same as other people.

MRS. IDLECHATTER. Really? It seems almost impossible to believe it.

MRS. GOODHEART. It's quite true, for all that. Must you be going?

CONVERSATION THE SECOND.

MRS. IDLECHATTER. Would you believe it, my dear? I've just left that angelic Mrs. Goodheart, and she tells me that she and her husband often have rows.

MISS CURLTHELIP. To tell you the truth, I'm not surprised to hear it. There's something about that man's face I never quite liked.

MRS. IDLECHATTER. Now you come to mention it, I don't think he has at all a nice mouth. What a pity that he should have married such a sweet woman!

MISS CURLTHELIP. I always said that they were not in the least suited to one another.

CONVERSATION THE THIRD.

MISS CURLTHELIP. Oh, but I must tell you. The idyll of "The Ideal Lovers" has been shattered at last.

MRS. RUSHABOUT. No! You don't say so! How terrible! Do tell me!

MISS CURLTHELIP. Mind you don't give me as your authority, then.

MRS. RUSHABOUT. My dearest Ina! As if I should!

MISS CURLTHELIP. All the same, I happen to know that it's perfectly true. Mrs. Idlechatter was round there the other day, and it seems that the poor dear was in such distress about some horrid scene that had been going on. What brutes men are!

MRS. RUSHABOUT. I always knew that man drank.

CONVERSATION THE FOURTH.

MRS. RUSHABOUT. I can't stay a second! Oh, by the way, of course you've heard about the Goodhearts?

MRS. FIRETHEFUSE. The Goodhearts? No. Is it something very awful?

MRS. RUSHABOUT. Judge for yourself. You know, of course, that he drinks like a fish?

MRS. FIRETHEFUSE. Oh, of course.

MRS. RUSHABOUT. Well, it seems that last Thursday week he came home from his club in a worse state than usual, and—oh, there's Mrs. Idlechatter! I must just say a word to her. See you later, dear.

CONVERSATION THE FIFTH.

MRS. FIRETHEFUSE. How true it is that one half of the world never knows how the other half lives! Take the Goodhearts, for instance.

MRS. BEARTHETALE. Nothing wrong there, I hope?

MRS. FIRETHEFUSE. Nothing wrong? Merely that he came home drunk and tried to beat out her brains, or something shocking like that. That's all!

MRS. BEARTHETALE. Tom did?

MRS. FIRETHEFUSE. Yes, yes, yes! Your ideal husband! Your saint! What have you got to say for him now?

MRS. BEARTHETALE. You take my breath away. If anybody else had told me, I assure you that I should never have believed it.

CONVERSATION THE SIXTH.

MRS. BEARTHETALE. My poor, dear Beatrice! I've simply rushed round to tell you how sorry I am to hear this most distressing news about Tom's awful behaviour. It all comes of these horrid, horrid clubs.

MRS. GOODHEART. I hope you won't think me rude, but I haven't the least idea what you mean.

MRS. BEARTHETALE. It's sweet of you to try to hush it up, dear, but I'm afraid it's gone too far. Mrs. Firethefuse told me, and you know what a gossip she is.

MRS. GOODHEART. Will you tell me plainly what you are talking about?

MRS. BEARTHETALE. Well, it's not a nice thing to put into so many words, but it seems that Tom knocked you down with the poker, and trod on you.

FUTURE DEFENDERS OF ENGLAND? LADY "RIFLEMEN."



THE OPENING OF THE RIFLE CLUB FOR LADIES AT BYFLEET.

The opening competition of the Ladies' Rifle Club at Byfleet, Surrey, took place last week at the village rifle-range on the slopes of the St. George's Hills. Miss Egerton, who is shown shooting from a sitting position in the largest of our three photographs, made the best score—thirty out of a possible thirty-five. She is a niece of the Duke of Devonshire. The range is the gift of Mr. Egerton, who is also related to the Duke.

Photographs by Park.

THE CLUBMAN.

Earl Grey's Gift to America—Will the States Reciprocate?—American History as She is Taught—Paris and the Algeciras Conference—Some Japanese Characteristics.

NOW that Lord Grey has given back to the American nation the picture of Franklin, looted from the house of that great man during the war of the Revolution, I wonder whether the States will reciprocate. Of course we cannot expect the America Cup to come this side of the Atlantic until we are able to "lift" it; but if our cousins wished to do a noble act, there are some scraps of silk which went over to America after the Peninsular War, and never came back again, which would be a very splendid gift, and would make some of our regiments very grateful to the States should the flags be restored to their original guardians.

When I was shown over West Point Academy I came suddenly upon a stand of captured colours, and an officer who was taking me round simply mentioned that they had come into the possession of the Americans at a time when England had heavy engagements on the Continent of Europe. No one could have been more tactful than the American officers, but these souvenirs of Yorktown were not

pleasant things for an Englishman to see. I felt for the moment that uprising of national pride which once prompted two midshipmen to break into a foreign cathedral and abstract a naval ensign which hung there. The two middies brought all manner of official thunders upon their devoted heads, but I have little doubt that they were quite unrepentant.

The Northern States have expunged from their banners all the "honours" gained in the civil war against the South; and as that wound has been healed, the time may come when the United States will do this country an easy and just courtesy. The rendition of the spoils of war

won in the best of causes and in the fairest of fights may be too much to ask of any country; but official America might well reconsider the history which is taught to small American children. In the primers in the schools the revolutionary war is represented as a struggle between the patriotic Americans and some cowardly ogres called Britons, who were invariably "whipped." It is only when an American comes to years of discretion that, if he has time to read, he learns that a large proportion of the British troops in America came from that splendid army of the Peninsula, that army which could "go anywhere and do anything," and that England was engaged in a death-struggle with Bonaparte which paralysed its efforts in other directions.

I am in Paris, and I find it a Paris which has entirely forgotten that there ever was an Algeciras Conference. After all, it was a dull and stupid affair, the Parisians say. If one Delegate had smacked another Delegate's face, or if there had been a duel, or if the Moors had walked out of the Council Chamber, there might have been some chance of the gathering of the diplomatists leaving some trace on the Parisian memory. When the principal French and German Delegates were photographed together in the verandah of the Reina Christina Hotel, with the President, the Spanish Duke, smiling upon them, the Parisians felt that the whole matter had ended as a *poisson d'avril* ends, shrugged their shoulders and turned their attention to the coming elections.

Before coming to Paris, I spent two or three days in the heart of a Picardy forest, with Lafcadio Hearn's "Kokoro" as the book at my elbow. In the North of France the trees are more backward than they are in the South of England. There is no frosting of green upon the boughs of the poplars, and the under-wood only here and there shows any sign of bursting buds. There are no stars of yellow as yet to tell that the flowers are coming to life, but the spring sunshine gilds the bare boughs, and the wind chants that soft song which is the matins of the world.

It has been curious, with the petting which has accompanied "Togo's 600" from south to north in one's memory, to read once again the words of the man who understood the Japanese trend of thought better than any other European, and told this generation that, though certain facets of the Japanese life had been changed by the absorption of European ideas, the Japanese remained in all essentials Oriental to the backbone. The little Japanese sailors, smiling and imperturbable, must have thought strange things of that great crowd of black-coated, tall-hatted men, who waved little flags and shouted "Banzai!" Effusiveness of this kind does not impress an Eastern. He probably thought that all these non-fighting men were trying to get something for nothing.

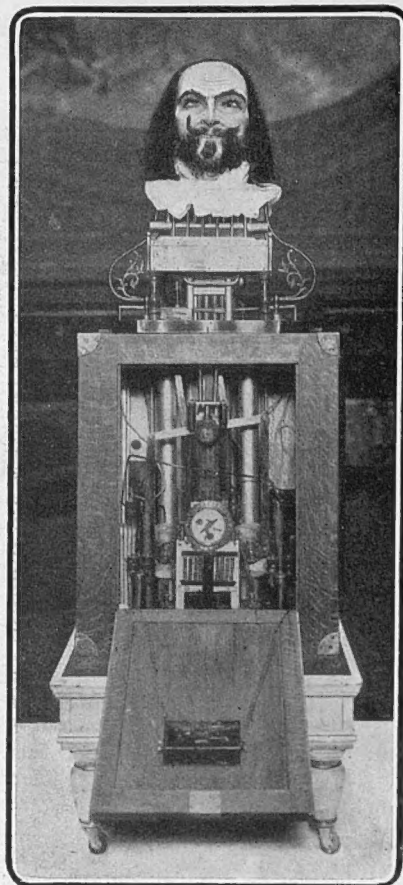
The welcome to Togo's men was so wildly enthusiastic, partly because the Londoner of to-day will cheer for anybody or anything which is the sensation of the moment, partly because the British have a comfortable belief that the Japanese are going to guarantee peace to us for ever on our Indian frontiers, and partly because the little men fought so well in the late war. In India the wise men are already raising a cry that, though the Japanese Alliance has given us a breathing space, we can expect nothing more, and the diplomatists of Nippon will be less astute than they have hitherto shown themselves if they do not drive a very hard bargain with us should we, when the treaty expires, be dependent on Japan for support in India. It surprised some of our officers on duty with the Japanese armies to find that the Japanese Generals, though they had acquired all the military knowledge that the West could give them, had lost no Eastern characteristic, and our statesmen are likely to make the same discovery.



THE PIMLICO MYSTERY: MRS. GERTRUDE WOOD, WHO IDENTIFIED THE WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN A PIMLICO HOTEL AS HER SISTER.

At the time of writing, the mystery as to the identity of the woman recently found dead in a Pimlico hotel is unsolved. It will be remembered that the dead woman was identified by Mrs. Gertrude Wood as her sister, Mrs. Laura A. Cushing, wife of a Boston millionaire. Since the inquest, two Mrs. Laura Cushings have been found in Paris, and it is evident that Mrs. Wood was in error. One of these two ladies is, without doubt, the wife of the American millionaire.

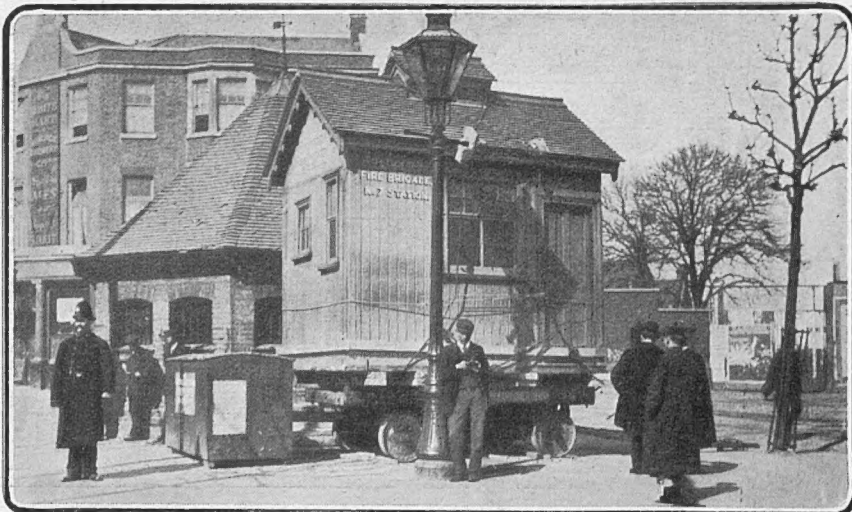
Photograph supplied by Sayer.



A WAX HEAD THAT TALKS: "DRONZA" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

"Dronza" is the latest London Hippodrome novelty. It talks in a loud and distinct voice, displays remarkable knowledge, and answers questions on various subjects. Its entire mechanism is laid bare for inspection.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

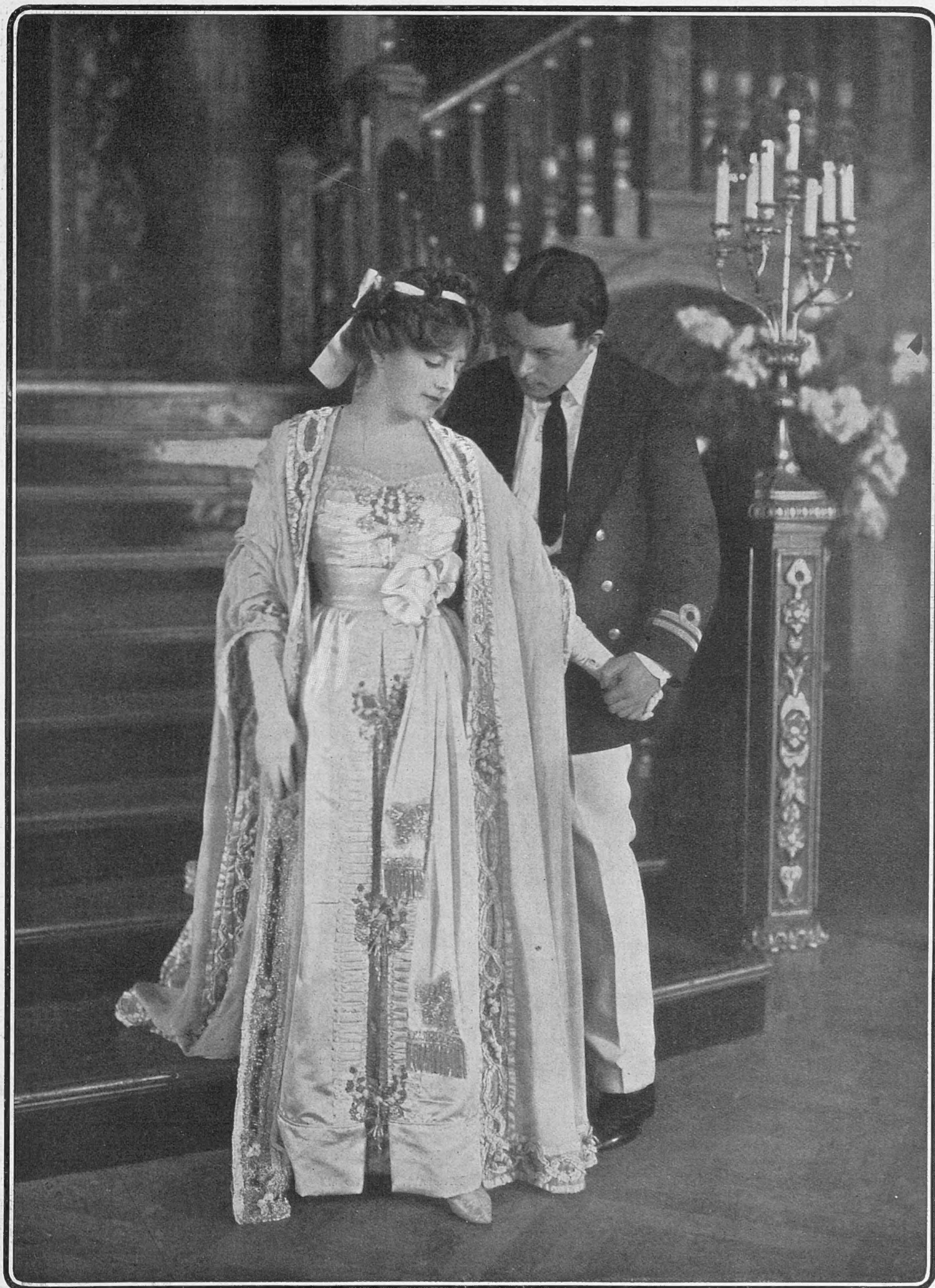


A FIREMEN'S SHELTER AS A DRESSING-ROOM FOR LADY HOCKEY-PLAYERS.

Our photograph shows the removal of a firemen's shelter from its position outside the "White Hart" at Tottenham to the recreation-ground, where it is to be used as a dressing-room for lady hockey-players.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

"THE BEAUTY OF BATH," AT THE ALDWYCH.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS "THE BEAUTY OF BATH," AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS
AS LIEUTENANT RICHARD ALINGTON, R.N.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

AN amusing play at the Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, deals with an
 ancient restaurant which has outlived its celebrity, and now has
 to survive on the rare customer, whilst over the way the cheap
brasserie is coining money. The proprietor falls into reminiscences.
 Ah, the *beaux jours* when the Duc de Quelquechose was at one corner
 of the table and Prince Machin at the other! Alas! how the glory has
 departed. The play is especially appreciated by Parisians because
 it so exactly describes the condition of some of the old restaurants of
la ville lumière. The famous Maison d'Or, down whose stairs an
 English aristocrat tumbled and broke his neck, is now turned into a
 café; the Café Anglais opposite, before whose doors stretched, in
 Balzac's day, a long line of sumptuous carriages, presents no such sight
 to the eyes of the present Boulevardier. Binon's has departed,
 and so has Tortoni's. There remain, it is true, Paillard's, Durand's, the
 Café de Paris, but that does not alter the fact that, as the *maitre d'hôtel*
 says in the play: "The present generation does not dine." Neither
 does it drink. Alack! alack!

For a fashion to be really Parisian it has to come from London.
 They are getting so desperately English across the straits that the really
chic person gets his washing done in London (are we quite clear?—gets
 his linen washed). The latest news, that King Edward has determined
 to uproot the black "claw-hammer" for Court functions, has awakened
 a spirit of emulation in the breasts of the proud dwellers of the Champs
 Elysées and the Faubourg St. Germain. Where the King leads
 certainly will his French admirers follow. Indeed, there can be no
 hesitation in saying that his Majesty, being the most Parisian of
 monarchs, is of all monarchs the most followed by Parisians. Where-
 fore all the aristocrats and all the "would-bes" are for throwing their
 sober evening raiment to the coachman and the butler and donning
 new plumage according to the tint and style decreed by the Court of
 St. James. But the ladies are discontented. "If men are allowed to
 deck themselves in this way, they will become as vain as we are," they
 say. "It ought not to be allowed. Our 'halves' will become
 insupportable." Yes, there is a distinct danger, when you come to
 think of it. Make men too pretty, and where are you, O fair women?

After four years' struggling in a wicked world, the old *Fronde*—
 entirely conducted by women, and Parisiennes at that—gave up the
 ghost. The place has been left vacant until this moment. There has
 been no journalistic voice in Paris crying, in season and out of season,
 on behalf of the neglected sex. But that is going to be altered from
 the first of May next. The merry month is generally known as the
 labour month, because labour is apt to demonstrate upon the First;
 it will be known also as the woman's month, because woman will rear
 her head in print. The new publication, which is called *La Française*,
 will spout of many things lying near unto the heart of the *féministe*—
 amongst other things, the right of woman to spend her own
 money, which she has earned by her hands or brought with her in a
 marriage settlement.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

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FREDERICK HARRISON,
 General Manager.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen are now enjoying their well-earned cruise in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Their Majesties are expected to visit the King and Queen of the Hellenes at Athens, and they will also "put in" at Corfu and at Venice. At the latter city, the beautiful "Queen of the Adriatic," it is practically settled that the King and Queen of Italy will meet the British Sovereign. King Edward, it may be truly said,

never allows himself a holiday in the ordinary sense of the word—that is to say, he never takes anything like a "rest cure" in the modern fashion. Wherever he goes the affairs of State go with him, and it is significant that Sir Charles Hardinge is included in the suite in attendance on their Majesties. Sir Charles, as is well known, was extremely successful as British Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and is now Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. His presence is a clear indication that the cruise will not be without its effect on our foreign relations, in which King Edward's influence has been so happily felt ever since his Accession.

The Queen's Chamberlain.

It is characteristic of Queen Alexandra's kindly consideration that she should have included in her suite her Lord Chamberlain, Earl Howe. Lord Howe, it will be remembered, suffered the loss of his brilliant and accomplished wife about the time that his royal mistress was mourning for her father, King Christian. It was a terrible blow for the Earl, and Queen Alexandra particularly desired him to be in attendance on her during the Mediterranean cruise, that the change of scene might distract his mind and prevent him from brooding over his grief.

Royalty on the Wing.

It is quite remarkable how few members of the Royal Family were left in England when once the Queen had left to join King Edward at Marseilles. Princess Ena of Battenberg, who is naturally now the centre of sympathetic interest, having bidden farewell to her cousin, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, the attached friend of

her childhood, returned with her mother to Osborne Cottage to spend Easter. The loyal "Isle of Wightians" are eagerly subscribing for such a wedding present as shall demonstrate their devotion to the pretty Princess who was

born in the island and has grown up among them to graceful womanhood. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who left Egypt on Friday, April 6, for Athens on a visit to the King and Queen of the Hellenes, will be back in England quite a fortnight before King Edward and Queen Alexandra return from the Mediterranean. Their Royal Highnesses are to be entertained by the City at the Guildhall in celebration of their memorable tour in India. It will be remembered that they were similarly entertained on their return from their Colonial tour, and it was then that the Prince uttered his famous dictum,

"England must wake up!" We shall all be interested to see what impressions our future King has brought back with him from "the immemorial East," with its striking contrasts to the vigorous young life of our self-governing Colonies. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will soon be back in England from their visit to South Africa and Egypt, and so will their son, Prince Arthur, from his wonderful Garter Mission to Japan. The Duchess of Connaught does not propose to visit Stockholm till later in the year.



DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN TENANT OF RUSHTON HALL: MISS MAY VAN ALLEN.

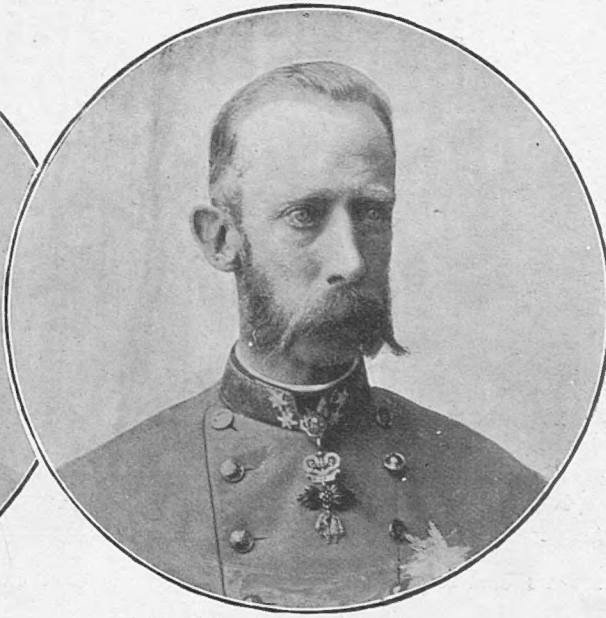
Photograph by Alman and Co

A Charming American.

Miss May Van Alen, whose father has taken Rushton Hall, in Northamptonshire, the historic home of the Treshams, on a fifty years' lease, will be among the most notable young Americans in Society this season. Miss Van Alen, who is Mrs. William Astor's granddaughter, and therefore a second cousin of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, is remarkable for her beautiful, long hair; and she dresses admirably. Her sister, Miss Sara Van Alen, was married to Mr. Collier last year, and Miss May Van Alen will therefore be hostess of the magnificent old Tudor mansion which her millionaire father has contrived to bring up to date without altering its characteristic architectural features. This young lady is also the proud owner of a "cottage" at Newport, the seaside paradise of American millionaires.



THE ARCHDUKE EUGEN OF AUSTRIA.



THE ARCHDUKE LUDWIG VICTOR OF AUSTRIA.

BULL-DOG v. BLACK EAGLE: A CONTRAST IN REWARDS.

The Archdukes Eugen and Ludwig Victor of Austria recently offered a curious contrast in rewards. The former lost his English bull-dog, and promised £20 to its finder; the latter lost his Order of the Black Eagle, and promised its finder £5. The dog has been recovered; the Order has not.

Painting the Pontiff.

M. Carolus Duran, who has arrived in Rome to paint the portrait of the Pope, has already taken us into his confidence as to the style in which his work will appear. He will present Pius X. to us wearing a white tunic, a cream silk robe, with a moiré belt tinted with bluish shades, and bands of diaphanous blue. That is the description of his plan as given recently to a gathering of art-students in Paris. His friends term M. Duran "the modern Velasquez"; he has that master's love of rich colours, and much of his skill in blending them into harmonious results. So far he is best known to us in this country by his delightful portraits of lovely women—that of the Countess of Warwick is typical of the manner in which he makes beauty "live" upon canvas. He is very rapid in his methods, which accounts for the fact that, while he has always an enormous number of commissions, he still has time for sculpture and for the production of short stories enough to fill several small volumes.

The Cardinal's Error.

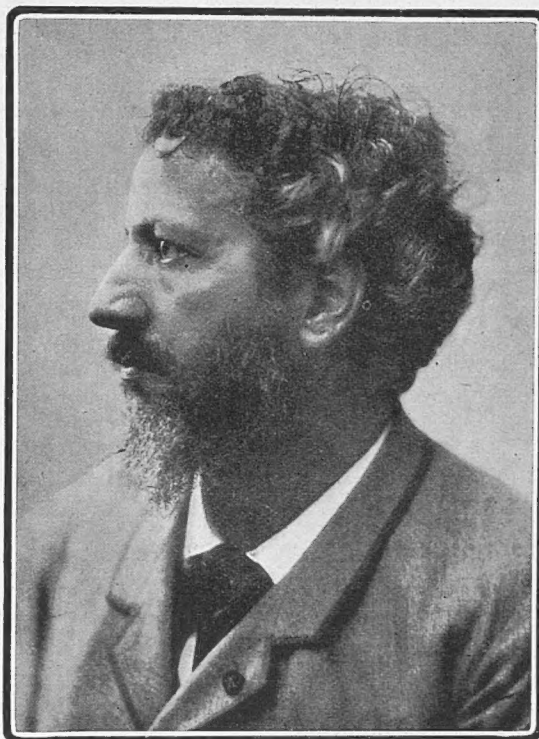
Throughout the length and breadth of the land, in "quires and places where they sing," preparation for the Easter services is in full swing. Easter is the biggest festival of the year from the musical point of view, excepting only Christmas. Happy is the man who is permitted to command a choir of mixed voices—women's as well as those of boys and men. But not all men have thought so. Manning at such a season as this was worried by the choir which was officiating. He had by this time come to believe it an evil thing to have women in his choirs, and had actually forbidden the employment of the gentle sex. But on this occasion his suspicions were aroused. His brother, who was assisting in the service, observed that he was "sniffing" suspiciously. Presently the solo boy's voice went up like a bird's. "Willie," whispered the Cardinal to his brother, "Willie, it's a woman!" He was with difficulty convinced to the contrary and persuaded to go on with the service.

Three Generations.

Although Miss Ellen Terry is about to celebrate her jubilee on the stage, so well are her youth and charm and vivacity preserved that it seems ridiculous to think of her as a grandmother. Still, a grandmother she is, and a proud one. Mr. Edward Wardell, whom the playgoing and theatrical worlds know as Mr. Gordon Craig, is her son, and is the father of three boys, whom his mother fervently believes to be the finest children that have come into the world since their father first opened his eyes. Mr. Craig, who strikingly resembles his illustrious mother, inherits much of her talent, as well as her restless, untiring activity. He has appeared many times upon the stage with Miss Terry, and has proved himself an actor of no mean capacity. But his genius inclines rather to the production of the play than to a part in its cast. His ideas as to scenery, costume, and stage-management have all the charm of unconventionality. Opinions differ as to their entire practicability for the average piece.

A Grand Old Man.

General Booth enters upon his seventy-eighth birthday this week, and celebrates the occasion by formulating new schemes for conquering new worlds. No man carries his weight of years with more wonderful courage; no man at his time of life ever lived more laborious days. But, then, he is an exception to most laws. Time, like mortals, seems agreed to let him have his own way. King Edward gave us all a lead in this direction. He had invited the General to be present at the Coronation. The General wished to go in his uniform. The Earl Marshal said he could not; he must don Court dress, or—well, the Coronation would have to go on without him. The General had a trump card: he wrote to the King, who replied through Lord Knollys that he would be delighted to see the veteran in the Abbey in his uniform. It was this blunt, go-to-the-point manner of the General which so impressed Cecil Rhodes. They understood one another perfectly. "You," said the Colossus, "want the country for the people; I want the people for the country." They agreed splendidly—with differences.



"THE MODERN VELASQUEZ" WHO IS PAINTING THE POPE: M. CAROLUS DURAN.

Photograph by Boyer.

How to Become a Melba or a Caruso.

There is no end to the wonderful discoveries that are made nowadays. The latest is that of a scientific man who has been examining into the reason why the people of the south of Europe have better singing voices than those of the north, and he has come to the conclusion that eating oranges, lemons, and tomatoes exercises a salutary effect on the vocal chords of the Southerners. The Normans, he says, will never become good singers, because they drink cider and eat pears, both of which cause an irritation of the throat. His advice, therefore, is that pastry and sweets of all sorts should be carefully avoided, and that oranges, lemons, and tomatoes should be eaten in considerable quantities. So for the future there should be no lack of first-rate tenors at Covent Garden and at the opera-houses of Paris and elsewhere.

Paul Veronese.

Two allegorical pictures by Paul Veronese which had been lost sight of for a hundred years have just been discovered in Portugal, at St. Ubes, in the country house of a family named O'Neill, of Irish descent. They are "Wisdom, the Companion of Hercules," and "Paul Veronese between Vice and Virtue," and were both engraved by Louis Desplaces about three hundred years ago. These pictures originally belonged to the Duc de Braciano, from whose hands they passed through those of Pope Innocent XI., Cardinal Azalin, Queen Christina of Sweden, and of King Gustavus Adolphus, who took them at the sack of Prague in 1631. Finally they were acquired by the Regent Philippe d'Orléans, at the sale of whose collection in 1784 they were bought by the O'Neill family. Of late years they have only been known by the engravings in the Crozat collection, and it was supposed that the originals had been destroyed during the French Revolution.



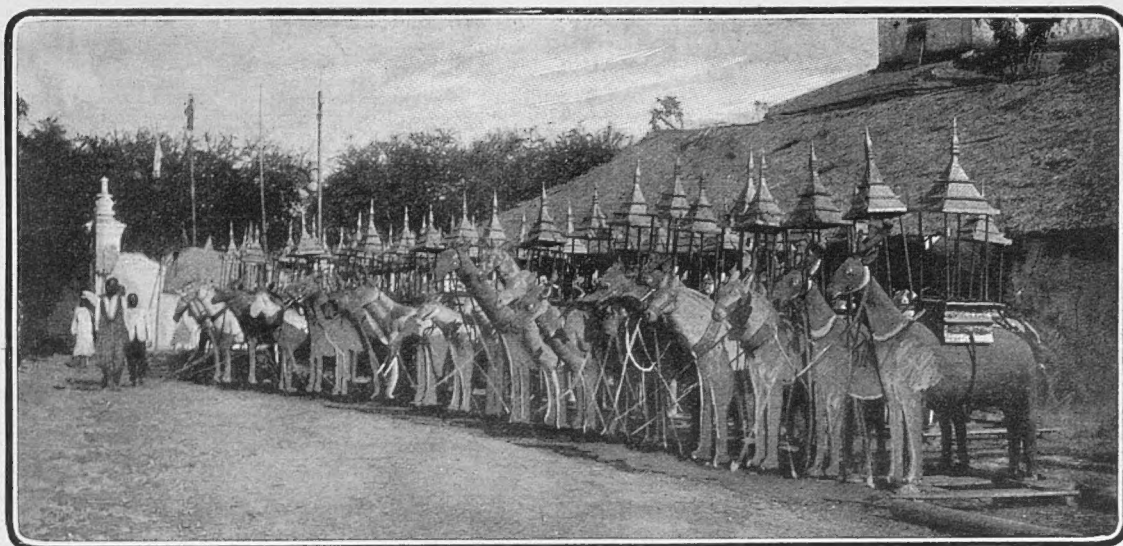
ELLEN TERRY'S GRANDSONS: THE CHILDREN OF MR. GORDON CRAIG (EDWARD WARDELL).

Photograph by O. and K. Edis.

An Injured Nimrod.

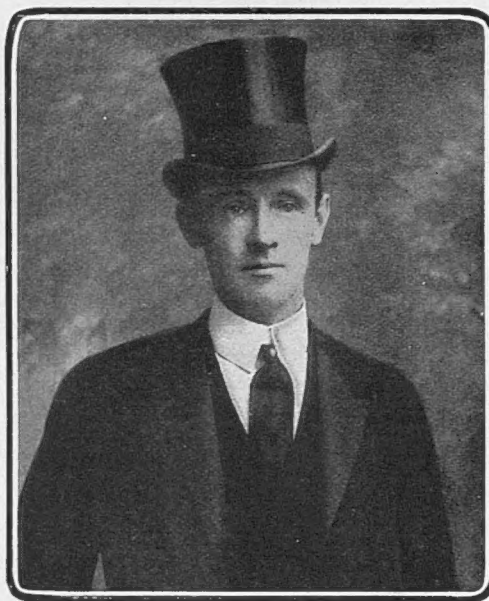
The Marquess of Linlithgow, who is making a good recovery from the very bad fall he had the other day, may be pardoned for entertaining a grudge against the star by which his destiny is controlled. When he was a boy they made him ride, and he hated it even more than the lessons his tutor laboured to inculcate. Detesting horsemanship so heartily, he naturally proved an inept pupil—had falls as many as the hairs of his head. Yet he never hurt himself. Now, when he is devoted to equestrianism and the chase, and owns one of the smartest packs of beagles in existence, he has a topple which makes him the most unfortunate man of the hunting season. He has the sympathy of two hemispheres, for although he did resign his Governor-Generalship of Australia, he left innumerable friends there, friends who found themselves able to re-echo that striking eulogium passed upon him by Lord Rosebery at a very notable banquet given in his honour before he answered his second call from the Land of the Southern Cross.

A Giant Fountain. Londoners, accustomed to the tame display in dirty, dingy Trafalgar Square, will hear with envy of what is to be done in the fountain line in Vienna. It will be the largest in the world, and will be built on the Schwarzenbergplatz, the hub of the city. The illuminating apparatus will give a light equal to a fabulous number of candles, and by means of immense reflectors seventy variations in light-effects will be produced every seventeen seconds. The gay Viennese evidently think that seven is a lucky number. Why cannot we have something as curious and beautiful in Trafalgar Square? Alas! it is to be feared that that sordid scene of missed architectural opportunities is regarded by King Labour as his own



A CARDBOARD ESCORT FOR A DEAD KING: DUMMY STEEDS THAT FIGURED IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE KING OF CAMBODIA.

Royal funerals in Cambodia take place long after the death of the person to be buried, and twenty-one months elapsed between the death and the cremation of the late King of Cambodia. His Majesty left 1,200,000 francs to defray the cost of his funeral. His body was cremated, and with it were burned the bodies of his wife, the wife of the present King, and about twenty Princes of the royal house. The present King of Cambodia will shortly pay a visit to France.



AN INJURED NIMROD: THE MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW.

Photograph by Langfrier.

special preserve for open-air meetings, and the County Council simply *daren't!*

"Buttle" and Bluff.

The police are looking for a neat thing in the Jeames line. He "bottled" for two Hampstead ladies, who, no doubt desiring to kick against the tyranny of bridge, gave a select "hen" poker-party. The sight of the bullion on the table was too much for Jeames. He dropped a number of glasses on the

floor, and in the confusion that ensued levanted with the jackpot and everything else that was worth taking. It was magnificent bluff, and we have no doubt that if the ladies had kept their seats he would have been quite prepared—his next card would have been a mouse!

A Savant's Golden Wedding.

Newton was not the only scientist who had not time to fall in love. Theirs was the loss. Sir William Crookes is one of the intellectual giants who have had good cause to bless their wedding-day. Heartiest congratulations, then, to him and to Lady Crookes upon the golden anniversary of their marriage. It is fifty years yesterday since they stood together at the altar. Such a man as he could never have been lonely—Science is too intimate and treasured a companion for that—but he has been immensely helped in his career by the tender sympathy and unswerving devotion of the lady who shares his honours. His path has not been all roses. Let him keep to pure science and the whole world bows, but he found that even his authority did not suffice to silence the scoffers who would have none of Home, the medium. Sir William championed with courage the man whom Browning pilloried as "Sludge, the Medium," and the unbelievers were not more respectful to the scientist than to the suspect.



THE WIVES OF MINERS CARTING AWAY THE COAL GIVEN THEM FOR THEIR OWN USE.



WOMEN PUSHING CARS OF SMALL COAL ALONG THE MINIATURE RAILWAY TRACK OF A COLLIERY.

WOMEN WORKERS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY OF BELGIUM.

Photographs by Carl Delius.

A Disappearing Island.

The little island of Ustica, which is situated off the Sicilian coast, about forty miles north of Palermo, threatens to disappear as a result of the violent shocks of earthquake which were experienced last week. There is no danger of a sudden explosion, as the island does not contain an active volcano, but Ustica stands on the very edge of the great marine depression, nearly two-and-a-half miles deep, which lies between Italy and Sicily. The sides of this depression are crumbling away with the earthquake shocks, and the island will eventually sink into the sea. In all probability it will take some time to disappear, but, all the same, it is not surprising that the inhabitants are thinking of migrating to the mainland.



SWITZERLAND.—PRINCESS ALEXANDRA VON YSENBURG DUDINGEN, WHO HAS DISAPPEARED.

It is alleged that it was the Princess's fad to buy old castles and furnish them on credit, and that this fad led to her imprisonment for debt at Arbon. She was liberated on the intervention of her relatives, and has now disappeared.

made by Mr. Choate that Lord Grey had decided to give his portrait of Benjamin Franklin to the American nation, and it would, he hoped, arrive in Philadelphia in time for the national Franklin celebration on April 20. This is no ordinary picture. It was taken as spoil of war by Major André, who was A.D.C. to Lord Grey's great-grandfather, Major-General Sir Charles Grey, from Franklin's house at Philadelphia at the capture of the city by Lord Cornwallis in September 1777. Franklin was then at Passy, near Paris, and when the news came his advisers were panic-stricken. He alone remained calmly confident, and a week later Europe learnt with amazement that General Burgoyne and his whole army had been taken prisoners. No wonder that Franklin is revered as a national hero in America. We have in the National Portrait Gallery a terra-cotta medalion of Franklin done by Nini in this eventful year of 1777, and an oil painting by Baricilo, done six years later, which, though injured by unskilful cleaning, gives an excellent idea of this extraordinary man, with his close-shaven fat face, pink cheeks, yellow-brown eyes, and long grey hair.

After Forty Years.

Good Friday's mail will bring many a hearty congratulation to Mr. David Christie Murray, who upon that day enters his sixtieth year. His flowing white locks make him look his years; not so his fine physique and springy carriage. The novelist acknowledges little obligation to his Army training, but it had something to do with those shoulders and fine chest of his; something, too, perhaps, to do with building up that constitution which defied nights spent on the Embankment when, in the days of struggle, he was too poor to buy a lodging.

During the greater part of his Army days he was a rebel. "You'd have disintegrated the regiment if you'd stayed another year," his Adjutant afterwards told him. "Stand to attention, man," snapped a pompous officer, before whom he was called for some breach of discipline. The big recruit made answer which led to his being haled before a higher tribunal. And fourteen days' "C. B." was the result. Forty years later Mr. Murray was banqueted in London prior to his departure for Australia. One of the men there to grasp his hand and do him honour was Colonel Shaw-Hellier, who, four decades earlier, had sent him to the cells.

A Cleric who Ran.

We make our little day-by-day histories in cycles. We group together Peerage romances, we have a sequence of mysterious crimes, we have a tragedy in a tunnel followed by more tragedies in tunnels, we see abduction follow abduction, and, from past experience, know well that the strange cases of disappearing mortals which the police are at this moment

investigating will be the prelude to more cases of the same description.

One disappearance remains to this day unexplained, and only the wicked claim to have any knowledge in the matter. It was one of those pesky practical jokers who was at the bottom of it. He selected for the subject of his humour a certain venerable cleric against whom not the most uncharitable had ever said a word. To him the humorist despatched a wire: "All is discovered. Fly at once." The clergyman disappeared forthwith from England, nor has again been seen upon his native strand.

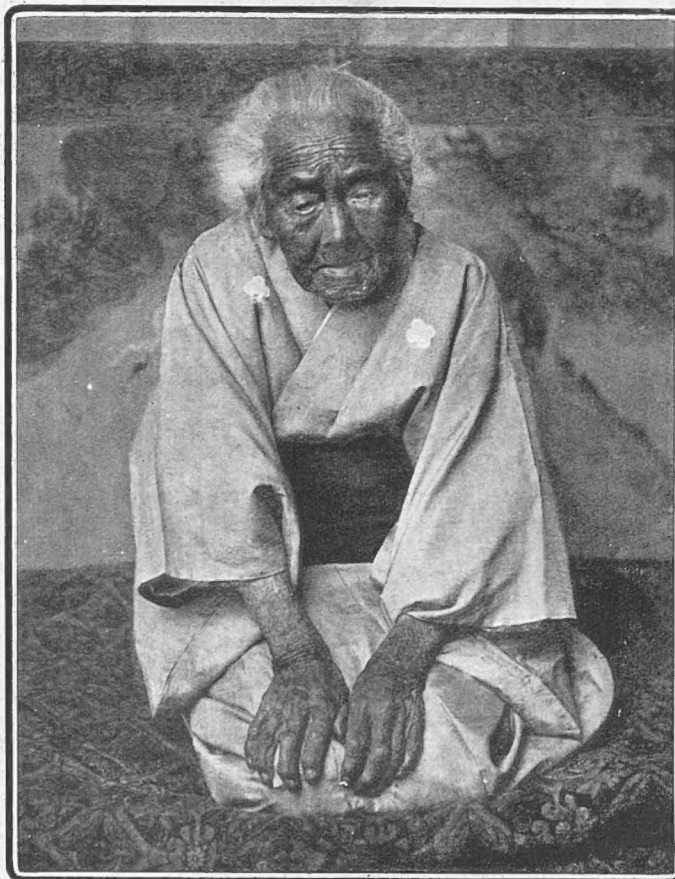
"Arregosobah." Sovereign King Solomon, of the "Army of the Lord," at Portslade, announced, while we were still in March, that the end of the world might be expected "any day within a fortnight." Still, we concluded to bring out *The Sketch* as usual, in case anything went wrong with the prophetic machinery, and, of course, if you are reading this on April 11—but why pursue a painful subject? His Majesty is candid, however, for when an interviewer nearly fell over a box, he volunteered that it was full of unfulfilled prophecies! "Arregosobah" is his present residence, and the objects of his "Army" are slightly mixed, including spelling reform, the entire revolution of the calendar, and the recovery of the Ark from Mount Carmel. Brighton is cleft "Yaattawah," or "Forsaken of the Lord," and no wonder, considering that there was trouble there about King Solomon's lodgings, and the tabernacle of the "Army" which he had built fell into the hands of the Court of Chancery, and now belongs to another Army—that of General Booth. The end of the world is to begin at Portslade, and the "second centre" will be at Peebles. "Gie me Peebles for plee-sure," as the Scotsman said.

Lord Grey's Picture.

For the first time on record a Governor-General of Canada has been fêted in New York, and Lord Grey seized the opportunity of the banquet which the Pilgrims gave him for one of those charming actions which do so much to link

nations together. The announcement was

THE MOST TALKED-OF WOMEN IN SWITZERLAND, BOSTON, & JAPAN.



JAPAN.—"MRS. METHUSELAH," THE MIKADO'S OLDEST SUBJECT.

The old lady whose portrait is here given is a hundred and ten. A Tokio story has it that an American lady who bought a photograph of the old woman was so interested in the original that she sent her a patent ear-trumpet. This, it is said, she addressed "Mrs. Methuselah, the Mikado's oldest subject, Japan," and it is also affirmed that it reached its destination.



Photo. G. G. Bain.

BOSTON.—MISS LOTTIE VARCHEREAU, WHO RECENTLY RECEIVED 800 OFFERS OF MARRIAGE.

Miss Varchereau recently had the honour of seeing her portrait in print—in an American newspaper. The result of this must have been a source of considerable embarrassment to her, for she had 800 letters offering marriage within a few days.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF PLAYERS.



MISS CARRIE MOORE, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "THE DAIRYMAIDS," AT THE APOLLO.



MISS CONSTANCE HYEM, A YOUNG ACTRESS OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



By E. A. B.

**A Premier
who Wished he
were a Cat.**

At the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers, which opens at Scarborough tomorrow, we shall hear much, no doubt, of teachers' difficulties. These are real and many, but some of them might disappear if a few points in discipline could be viewed from the aspect in which they appear to the child, if teachers could better realise the temperaments of their charges. What a gloomy young pessimist, for example, was the late Lord Salisbury in the days when he first came within the ken of a tutor. It was irksome to prepare lessons, irksome to dress for them. "I wish I were a cat," he moaned one day. "Whatever makes you desire to be a beast?" he was asked. "When I think of the many times I shall have to dress and undress before I die I wish my clothes grew on my back," was his answer. Such a boy as that might be

night, "and I'm alone," he said, "alone in a boat, and I'm out on the bosom of a great rushing river, and I drift, drift, drift." A newcomer arrived, and they turned to business and forgot the dream. Five hours later Lincoln was assassinated.

**Prepared
Impromptus.**

It is four-and-fifty years come Saturday since Rangoon was taken, and nobody has invented a victor's message crystallising the story into one witty phrase. As a fact, these good things alleged to have been said in the presence of the enemy or upon the downfall of a citadel are, for the most part, after-thoughts—and not of the victors. "Peccavi," it is commonly believed, was Napier's announcement that he "had Scinde"; but, as everybody should know, the famous pun originated with *Punch*. Who made Drake father of the expression "Cantharides" ("the Spanish fly") when he had beaten the Armada? The joke was born long after the hero had proved himself so much in earnest. Sobieski had carefully prepared the "impromptu" with which he sent his captured standards to the Pope. He remembered Cæsar, and improved upon him, saying, "I came, I saw, God conquered." General Suwaroff's pithy message to his Empress: "Hurrah! Prague! Suwaroff" was as tersely and effectively answered: "Bravo! Field-Marshal! Catherine."

A Stuart Maundy. The money to be distributed to the poor to-morrow, Maundy Thursday, has a price above its face-value. Numismatists will always pay a fancy price for Maundy money. There is now no washing of feet or giving of clothes. A handsome present in money takes the place of all the ancient



THE UNITED STATES ON A MOTOR-CAR: "AMERICA" IN THE FÊTE OF THE BŒUF GRAS.

"America" was mounted on a motor-car, and was steered under the directions of the man at the port-hole.

Photograph by Branger.

father to a man who contemplates suicide as the only alternative to a lifelong course of shaving.

A Cheerful Culprit. Every teacher believes that his class, when he first takes it in hand, is the most unruly, obstreperous, and disrespectful ever got together. "Breed will tell," he says, when he is blessed with a collection of scholars of better social standing. Boys will be boys; and girls, girls. Did not King Edward when a boy hold up a visitor to Windsor and extort from him a promise that the guest would give him and a favoured sister a private view of the foot which was seriously malformed? Whimsical wilfulness was a feature of the royal children's dispositions. The King had a tutor named Birch. Now, in addressing this excellent man the Princess Alice could not be got to say "Mister"; she would insist on calling him plain "Birch"—not from motives of disrespect, but simply because she had been warned to be careful about the prefix. At length the Queen threatened that upon repetition of the offence, "bed" should follow for the culprit. Next morning the merry Princess greeted her friend with, "Good morning, Birch, and good night, too, since I must go to bed."

**Drifting, Drifting,
Drifting.**

Whenever an American wants a peg upon which to hang a story, President Lincoln's name serves. The anniversary of his death on Sunday recalls one, however, which Dickens brought back from America, and is authentic. At a meeting of the Cabinet the President told his colleagues that in the course of a few hours they would hear strange intelligence. What was it? they asked. Well, he had had a dream. He had had a similar dream on two previous occasions, both preceding some great event in his life. He had dreamed it again the previous



M. L'ESCARGOT: "THE SNAIL OF BURGUNDY" IN THE FÊTE OF THE BŒUF GRAS.

The recent fête of the Bœuf Gras was made especially magnificent, in order that the hundredth anniversary of its re-establishment by Napoleon might be fittingly celebrated. "The Snail of Burgundy" followed the drum-major, who headed the procession. The Bœuf Gras himself was called Atlas this year.

Photograph by Branger.

ceremony. William III. left the washing of his beneficiaries' feet to his Almoner, and thereafter this part of the ceremony went out of fashion in this country. It was a formidable affair this Maundy Thursday observance, according to a record which Lord Ripon preserves. Thus we find that James II. had to present himself "with a towel over his shoulders, and have an apron with the corners fastened behind him, and the lords and gentlemen with him to have the like. They are to have water in silver basins to wash the poor men's feet. Each of the poor men is to be presented with a gown and hood, a pair of shoes, a cast of bread, and a mess of fish out of a wooden dish, and wine out of an ashen cup. The King is to give his towel and apron to the first man whom he washes; and every man has a towel and apron." Moreover, the King had to present to each a purse and as many pence as there were poor men present, and finally to give his own gown to whichever poor man best pleased him.

✚ ✚ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✚ ✚



**BIRMINGHAM AS ST. PETERSBURG'S
BAD ANGEL.**

This photograph was taken a few weeks ago in the streets of St. Petersburg, and shows a vendor of "revolutionary buttons," which, according to the "Novoe Vremya," were made in Birmingham, and did much to encourage the discord in the Russian capital.



A PROFESSIONAL AND HONEST LOCK-PICKER.

Li Sam is known in Singapore as "the world's champion lock-picker." It is his business to undo locks the keys of which have been lost. He occasionally appears at entertainments, and invariably draws large crowds.



**A BARREL-ORGAN AS A MONEY-
BOX.**

The French organ-grinder whose portrait we give recently fell dead while playing in the Rue de Château. His body and the organ were taken to the police-station, and there it was found that the organ held £120 in gold, £200 in notes, and bonds for £320.



**Mlle. GABRIELLE ROBINE, THE MOST POPULAR
FRENCH ACTRESS IN RUSSIA.**

The picture post-card is as popular in Russia as it is elsewhere, and, according to one of the Russian papers, it provides a third of the matter which passes through the Russian post. The most popular



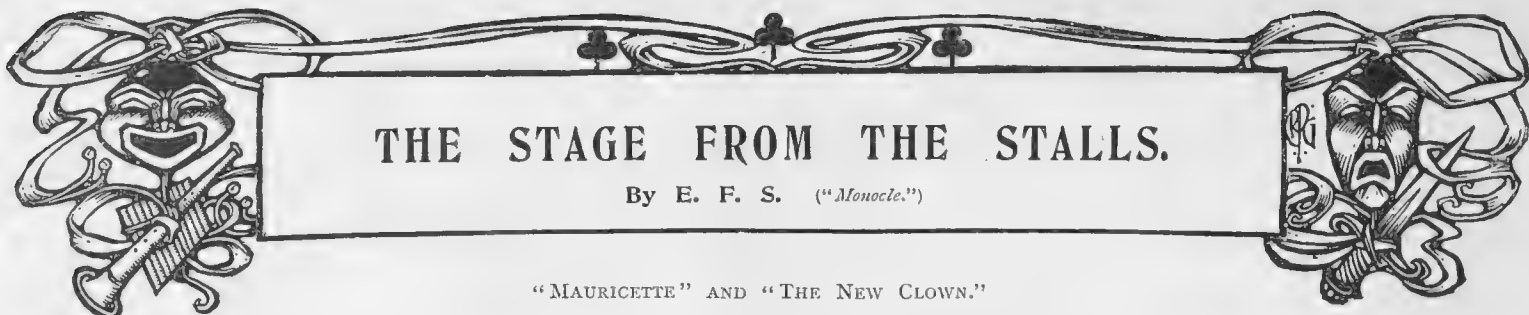
**Mlle. NEMIDOFF, THE MOST POPULAR
RUSSIAN ACTRESS IN FRANCE.**

subjects in "Tsardom" are portraits of French actresses, and of these French actresses Mlle. Gabrielle Robine is the head. In France the most popular foreign actress is Mlle. Nemidoff.



THE MOST UNPOPULAR STATUE IN THE WORLD: THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT IN MADRID.

Since the Spanish-American War the statue of Columbus which occupies an important position among the monuments of Madrid has been exceedingly unpopular with the lower classes of the Spanish capital. Innumerable attempts have been made to wreck it, and abuse has been heaped upon it.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"MAURICETTE" AND "THE NEW CLOWN."

WITH "Mauricette" Mr. H. B. Irving introduced a new French dramatist to the London stage—M. André Picard, who, if fairly represented by "Mauricette," does not appear to be a writer of very great quality. No doubt, although the translation seems to have been made with considerable skill, something has been lost in the process of conversion; but one may judge safely that at present, at least, the playwright is between two schools. His subject is hardly one that would have been chosen by an earlier class of sentimentalist, whilst his treatment, so far as character is concerned, is far from realistic. As a result, a play which ought to be very harrowing is only rather painful instead. He exhibits a sort of workmanlike skill in getting to his situations, yet shows none of the fine, easy technique displayed by the later dramatists of Paris. The critics are often criticised for not telling the public plainly whether it is likely to enjoy a particular play or not, nobody explaining how the critic is to arrive at an opinion on this point, save by studying a first-night audience, which is by no means fairly representative of the general public. It is obvious that the critic's taste and that of the average playgoer are very rarely likely to be in agreement. Nevertheless, I can say with confidence that, whilst "Mauricette" is by no means a critic's play, it amused the house during the first act, interested and thrilled it during the second, chilled it a little during the beginning of the third, and then moved it again. Moreover, it affords food for discussion. Does youth really appeal to youth in love matters? The question, of course, is different from the one whether "crabbed" age and youth can live together. Apparently, according to M. Picard, youth does not respond to youth until it has been in love with an elderly naughty gentleman, and young Dr. Paul Aubert, the *jeune premier*, only gets a somewhat second-hand, shop-soiled heart with his bride, the fair Mauricette, who possessed an intimate, innocent knowledge of the Quartier Latin, and presumably of the Bal Bullier, the Boulevard Montparnasse, and other haunts of the artists who strive and play and starve and rollick on the Surrey side of the Seine. I am afraid the play is not very convincing: it is hard to believe in the simplicity of Mauricette; it is difficult to sympathise with Madame Dautran, who pushes forgiveness of her husband's insults and amours almost to acquiescence; and there is something rather horrible in Mauricette's exhibition of repulsion towards her old lover when her eyes are opened to the signs of age in his face—made suddenly manifest by an illness of which she was indirectly the cause—and her sudden ardour for her vigorous young husband.

However, the play, not much more than a workmanlike piece of superficial sentiment, at least gives some good acting scenes and

characters that were admirably represented. Miss Marion Terry delighted everybody by her beautiful performance as the devoted wife, and in a very fine way suggested a touch of maternity in her love for the scapegrace, irresponsible husband, whose heart seemed never true to Poll. Mr. Irving as the husband played in irreproachable style, and with remarkable ease and lightness of touch in the first act, whilst in the last his dignity in indignity was very noteworthy. What may be called the Trilby passages in "Mauricette" were delightfully presented by Miss Dorothea Baird. Mr. Leslie Faber seemed a little bit too stolidly Britannic for the fervent lover. Very poor parts were given to Miss Ethel Warwick and to Mr.

W. T. Lovell. Miss Eileen Munro acted excellently as the doctor's old-maid sister.

"The New Clown," which Mr. Welch has revived at Terry's, is still quite fresh and lively, in spite of its years and its journeys to distant regions of the world. Were it not that the donkey which plays one of the most important parts is called Ping-Pong, the entertaining little farce might be only beginning its career. The many who regard Mr. Welch as an actor of real importance may perhaps regret that his "public" requires him to return to the simple humours of a kind of drama which has not flourished much lately; but while he is playing Lord Cyril Garston to the Dixon of Mr. G. H. Snazelle the regret, if any, will always be dissolved in laughter. It is, perhaps, a cruel criticism of the play that the laughter is loudest when Ping-Pong lifts up his voice and brays; but the creature has, whether by nature or training, a sense of humour, which is seldom found in asses, and seems to appreciate the rapture with which he is received. He might almost be trusted to take some material part in the development of a plot.

However, Ping-Pong, though brilliant, must not be allowed to put

human beings entirely in the shade. Mr. H. M. Paull, the author, has rather a struggle in the first act with his elaborate misunderstandings about bodies and dead dogs and policemen; but with it all he manages to land Mr. Welch in a very funny situation, which that admirable comedian uses for all that it is worth. Both he and Mr. Snazelle are considerably more than the mechanical puppets of farce, for the travelling showman and his clown are genuine comic creations, whom it is a pleasure to meet again; and, thanks to them, a situation which in other hands might easily become rather thin remains highly amusing to the end. The showman's niece, Rosie, who brings in a touch of sentiment by falling in love with his lordship, is nicely played by Miss Estelle Winwood, though she hardly fills the place of Miss Nina Boucicault; and Mr. E. Dagnall as the real clown contributes a clever study of low life.



THE LIFE STRENUOUS ON THE STAGE: MR. JAMES WELCH AS LORD CYRIL GARSTON IN "THE NEW CLOWN," AT TERRY'S.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

AT THE DRESS PARADE: A CONUNDRUM.



MRS. FATTAN-FORTIE: Now, I wonder whether I should look like that.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE DANCE BARBARIC—IN JAVA.

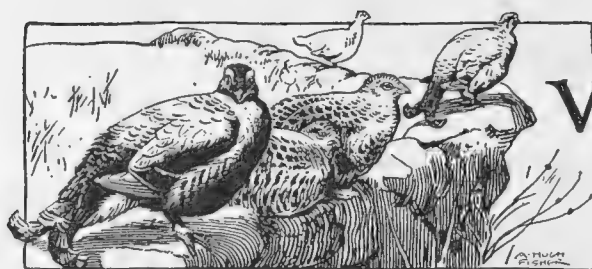


A GANDROUNG DANCER OF THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

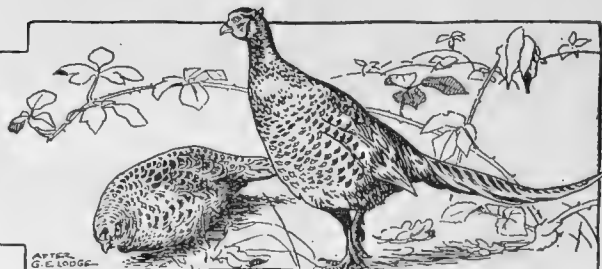
THE DANCE BARBARIC—IN—GERMANY.



MME. GERMANOWA AS SALOME IN OSCAR WILDE'S PLAY.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Pheasants and Blackgame.

Now that nesting time is upon the land, the question of separating game birds that cannot live together is well worthy of consideration, and a plea for the fast disappearing blackgame will not be out of place. It cannot be too widely known that blackgame and pheasants cannot live side by side, and that from parts where the latter are being raised for the first time the former tend to disappear altogether. I know of a very secluded shooting, not far north of the Tweed, where five or six years ago you could depend upon getting a dozen cock during the season, to say nothing of one or two greyhen that always came to the bag by accident, because there were standing instructions to spare them. At that time there were few pheasants on the land—a nest of wild birds here and there, and that was all. Then a stranger came into the district, took some shooting that had not been very strongly held, and naturally enough, being a wealthy Cockney, he proceeded to preserve pheasants. To-day you can go all over that countryside without getting a single head of blackgame between August and December, though I have been told by shepherds, factors, and gamekeepers in the district that down to a few years ago the country had always yielded blackgame in plenty. For sporting purposes a blackcock is worth half-a-dozen pheasants any day, and some sacrifice to preserve this fine sporting bird is well worth making.

The Coming of the Cuckoo.

As I write these lines there is a little flutter of excitement in the countryside because our friend the cuckoo is expected. By the time these notes are printed he will doubtless be publishing his own from some of our southern woods. In my part of the country there is so keen a desire to see a March cuckoo that I fear the wish is often father to the thought. At the same time I am inclined to believe that he is seen sometimes before he is heard, just as the nightingale may be, for I believe that both nightingale and cuckoo travel in separate packs. First come the males, followed some days later by the females, and it is likely that neither male calls until the hen birds have arrived. When he is quite well established in his summer home, the cuckoo is very lavish with his song, and I have known him to call right through the long June nights. Perhaps, having no anxieties and no domestic worries, he feels light-hearted, and as he toils not, neither does he spin, he is never tired enough to seek a long period of repose. That the sparrowhawk is frequently taken for a cuckoo need occasion no surprise. Small birds themselves are deceived by the resemblance, and if they find a cuckoo, do not hesitate to mob him. In the North of Africa and South of Spain I have found a cuckoo considerably

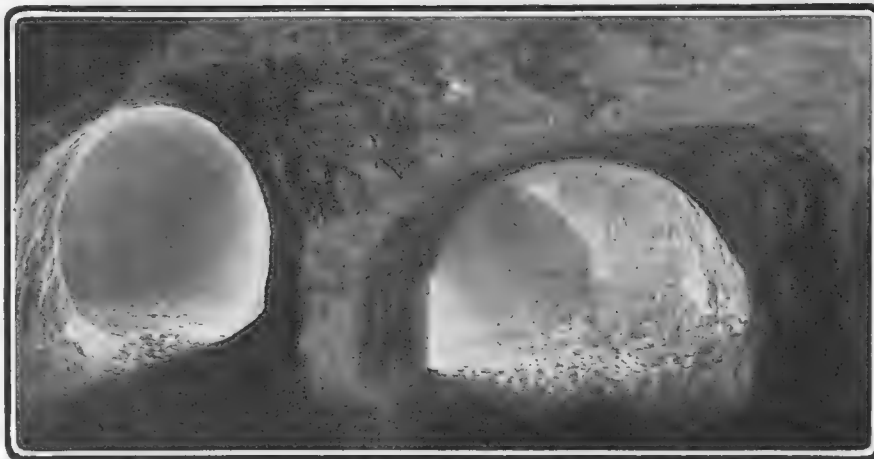
larger than the one that visits these islands, and peasants have told me in Andalusia that this bird is no more than a summer visitor, just as ours is. So I presume that he too comes from Central Africa, and does not think it worth while to travel further than Spain.

The Intelligence of Birds.

I have always thought that the cuckoo provides us with very serious arguments against the existence of intelligence in birds. Of course it is well known that the mother cuckoo does not go to any bird's nest to lay an egg. She would run many obvious risks by such an action. The cuckoo's egg is laid on the ground, and then carried in the bird's mouth to some nest. The choice of nest is always associated with the colour of the egg, and cuckoos' eggs vary considerably in colour. Now, whether the mother bird chooses a certain nest because of its colour, or is able to impart a certain colour to an egg because of the nest that will be best adapted to it, is a question I cannot pretend to solve, although it is most reasonable to suppose that cuckoos have no control over the colour of their eggs, but have sufficient sense to choose a nest in which the eggs already there bear the greatest resemblance in point of colour to the one just laid. All these actions point to considerable smartness on the part of Mother Cuckoo, but what is to be said for the foster-parents?

Mother Cuckoo's Cunning.

The shape and size of the intruding egg never yet deceived a ten-year-old bird-nesting boy, but clearly it deceives the foster-mother, or it would be the simplest matter in the world for her to destroy it. As soon as the little stranger appears he demands more food than any of his companions, and, either because he is jealous of them or because he wants more room than the nest can afford, he has the unpleasant habit of hoisting his fellow-fledglings upon his back and heaving them out of the nest. When they lie helpless and dying upon the ground, their parents seem to ignore them altogether, and to devote all their time and energy to satisfy the huge appetite of their foster-child. It is impossible to associate such behaviour with any appreciable measure of intelligence. In fact, the cuckoo mother is the only one of the company to give any suggestion of cunning. For all that she takes no part in the hard task of feeding her child, she is never very far from the nest, and when the young cuckoo is first able to travel from home she is waiting close by to receive and instruct him. In the meantime, Mr. Cuckoo calls by day and night; he has no sense of responsibility save to himself. And most of us who love the countryside best when the cuckoo is there would not welcome any change in his habits.



THE CONFERENCE-ROOM OF KNIGHTS AS A RIFLE-RANGE.

This cave, which is under the old castle at Reigate, has been turned into a rifle-range. It is said that it was one of the meeting-places of the Barons who forced King John to seal Magna Charta.

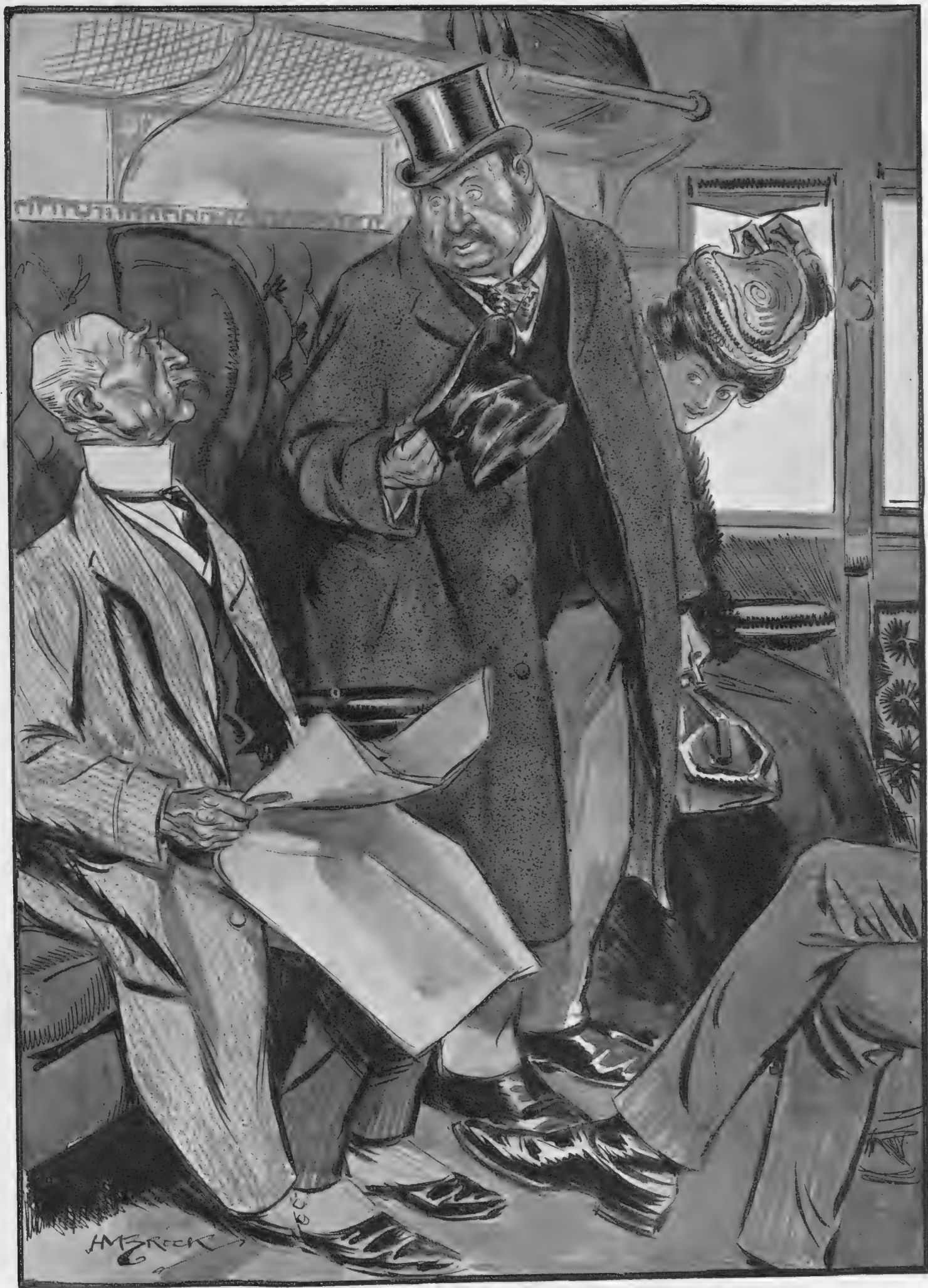
Photograph by Frith.



MOUNT JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—OF THE COCKSCOMB RANGE!

Some time ago it was deemed advisable to distinguish the various peaks of the Cockscumb Range, British Honduras, and it was determined to give them names that would identify them once and for all with the twentieth century. Thus one peak came to be known as the Queen Alexandra, another as the Prince of Wales, and another as the Joseph Chamberlain. The mountains are situated in the southern half of the Colony, which is still comparatively unexplored.

AN ALARMING OFFER.



NEW ARRIVAL (*who has sat on the Colonel's hat, with disastrous results*): I say, I'm awfully sorry, Sir; but I'll get you another—just like this!

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK,

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE Letters of Charles Lever," which Mr. Downey has edited and Messrs. Blackwood have published, is a decidedly entertaining and readable book, even if it be frankly admitted that Lever did not shine as a letter-writer. To the public of to-day he is known by such books as "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," and "Jack Hinton." These, like "Verdant Green," will probably sell for ever. They have in an extraordinary degree the vitality of high spirits. But his later books—and he went on writing to the end of his life—are, though clever, dreary, depressing, and long-winded. The man himself was surely a genuine Irishman.

Born in 1806, he took to serious writing, if serious it may be called, in 1836, when "Harry Lorrequer" began his career in the *Dublin University Magazine*. He made considerable sums of money by his books, though he was always and everywhere in pecuniary difficulties. These troubles constantly appeared in his epistles. "For God's sake, send me some gilt; I am terribly hard up just now." "Heaven reward you for sending me money!" The wonder is that he managed to keep a home together. He owed much to the great generosity and calm wisdom of John Blackwood, the publisher, and he was helped by the three-volume-novel system, and by the popularity of stories published in monthly parts. *Blackwood* justly points out that Mrs. Oliphant and Charles Lever, both of them loyal and devoted servants of the magazine, were always behindhand with the world. Lever, who was a staunch Conservative, received towards the end of 1858 the gift of the Vice-Consulship at Spezzia, which carried £300 per annum in the way of emoluments. He was promoted in 1867 to the Consulship of Trieste, which, though it brought him a larger income, was not otherwise an acceptable promotion. How strange was this old system of rewarding literary men by Consulships! James Hannay left his active journalistic life in London in 1868 for the Consulate of Barcelona. The income was only a few hundreds a year, and it is difficult to suppose that the journalists of the period were more prosperous than their brethren of to-day. As Lever himself wrote to William Blackwood: "As the Government are good Christians, and chasten those they love, they have made Hannay a consul! Less vindictive countries give four or five years' hard labour and have an end of it; but there is a rare malice in sending some poor devil of a literary man who loves the Garrick, and lobster salad and small whist and small flattery, to eke out existence in a dreary Continental town, without society or sympathy, playing patron all the while, and saying, 'We are not neglecting our men of letters.' I'd rather be a dog and bark at the door of the Wyndham or the Alfred than spend this weariful life of exile I am sentenced to."

Practical jokes were looked upon as intensely amusing in Charles Lever's early days, and Lever perpetrated his full share of them. One of the boldest was practised on the innocent G. P. R. James, then a novelist with a public. Lever inserted in the *Dublin University Magazine* "Lines by G. P. R. James," entitled "A Cloud is on the

Western Sky." The verses were prefaced by a note: "MY DEAR L—, I send you the song you wished to have. The Americans totally forgot, when they so insolently calculated upon aid from Ireland in a war with England, that their own apple is rotten to the core. A nation with five or six millions of slaves who would go to war with an equally strong nation with no slaves is a mad people.—Yours, G. P. R. James." "The Cloud" (among other things not intended to be pleasant to Americans) called upon the dusky millions to shout, and the author of the "Lines" declared that Britain was ready to draw the sword in the sacred cause of liberty. Poor G. P. R. James knew nothing of this. But six years later the poem was brought before him in an unpleasant way. James was appointed British Consul at Richmond, Virginia, and an attempt was made to expel him from the country. This was on account of the "Cloud is

on the Western Sky." Poor James, who had never even heard of the squib, managed to convince the indignant patriots of the South that he was innocent. When Lever heard of the *contretemps* he exclaimed: "God forgive me! It was my doing; but I had no more notion that James's powder could stir up national animosity than that Holloway's ointment could absorb a Swiss glacier." Characteristically, the incident caused no bad feeling between the men.

When Lever was close on sixty, John Blackwood suggested to him that he should write a real love-story. Lever said in reply—"Don't forget that Thackeray said, 'No old man must prate about love.' I remember the D. of Wellington once saying to me, referring to Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year': 'It is not that he never had ten thousand a year, but he never knew a man who had.' As to writing about love from memory, it's like counting over the bank-notes of a bank long broken. They remind you of money, it's true, but they're only waste-paper after all."

Lever was no bad critic. Of "Our Mutual Friend" he said—"It is very disagreeable reading, and the characters are more or less repugnant and repelling; but there are bits, one especially in the last number, of restoring a drowned fellow to life, which no man living but Dickens could have written." Of

"Armada": "It is an odious story to my thinking, and I never can separate the two cousins in my head, and make an infernal confusion in consequence." Of Mrs. Oliphant's "Miss Marjoribanks": "How excellent! What intense humour, what real knowledge of human nature! To my thinking she has no equal, and so think all my womanhood, who prefer her to all the story-writers, male and female."

Mr. Anstey has found a happy title for a collection of his humorous stories and sketches from the pages of *Punch*. He calls the book "Salted Almonds."

Among the more attractive of the recent spring announcements are an Autobiography of Sir H. E. Roscoe; the first volume of a "History of English Prosody," from the indefatigable pen of Professor Saintsbury; and a reprint of Edward FitzGerald's translations from Calderon.

O. O.



M. LE BARON: I know ze lapin; I know ze pheasant; I know ze sparrow and ze fox—all good games for le sport. But what is ze rubbish? I know him not; I find him not in my dictionnaire.

DRAWN BY STRICKLAND BROWN.

THEN THE TOURIST TOURED!



TOURIST (to porter at country station): What's the best hotel here, my man?

PORTER: Well, Sir, there's the Royal an' there's the Imperial, an' after you've been five minutes in either of 'em you'll wish you'd gone to the other.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE TIGER.

BY J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.



BRAVERY. Doctor (said my friend the third officer) isn't such a simple thing as you think it. One man is brave in

one way, and another in a different one. Often enough, that which is called bravery is nothing more than custom. You wouldn't go up on the fore-royal-yard in half a gale to reef sail, would you? Not you! You'd be afraid. Well, you might think me a brave man because I would. But then I'd be afraid to cut a chap's leg off, and you wouldn't.

That was what old Captain Hoskins, whom I used to sail with, could never understand. If a man was a bit nervous about the sea, he used to look down on him as all sorts of a coward. But there came a day when he learned better.

It happened when I was with him in a three-masted sailing-ship called the *Arrow*. We lay at Singapore, alongside the Tanjong Pagan wharf, loading with a general cargo for Liverpool. The principal object in that cargo—or, at least, the one we took most notice of—was a tiger that we were shipping for London. It lay in a strong cage of wood and iron, with a door in the front through which it could be fed. It was a fine big brute, and every time it stretched itself you could see the muscles slipping over its sides and the big, wicked-looking claws peeping out of the pads of its feet in a way that made you very thankful for the bars.

We had a passenger or two. One of them was a young girl who went by the name of Hilda Sandford. She had been a governess in the family of one of our agents out there, but the climate hadn't suited her, and she had to go home. She was coming with us instead of by steamer, because she got her passage for nothing and she wasn't too well off. Directly the old man set eyes on her trim figure and the wealth of golden brown hair about her head, he was struck all of a heap, so to speak, and I could see that he was promising himself a mighty pleasant voyage.

The other passenger was a strange, little, dried-up man, who wore gold pince-nez, and kept peering about the ship in a most uncomfortable way. He gave his name as Mr. Hay—Professor Hay, he called himself, though we didn't find out what he professed until later. Of course the tiger had its attendant; but he berthed forward.

An hour or two before we started this Mr. Hay came up to the old man and began asking him a lot of questions.

"Captain," he said nervously, "I hope we shall have a quiet passage."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Hoskins genially.

Mr. Hay looked up at the sky.

"There seems to be a good deal of wind about," he said.

"Pretty fair," said Hoskins. "That's what's going to take us home. Not being a steamer, we can't do without it."

"You're sure it's quite safe?" asked Hay.

"Safe!" says the old man, getting on his high horse, "safe! I'm sailing this ship."

The little man smiled apologetically.

"You will excuse me, Captain," he said, "I did not mean any

offence. The fact is I am constitutionally nervous on ship-board. It is a feeling that I have never been able to overcome."

The old man looked at him with a sort of good-natured contempt.

"You've no call to be alarmed," he said; "we'll take you to England safe enough."

Mr. Hay smiled again and walked off into the waist, where we had fixed up the tiger's cage. It seemed to have a sort of attraction for him, for he stood before it for at least a quarter of an hour. Hoskins looked after him, and then turned to Miss Sandford, who was sitting near.

"Nice sort of chap to have on a ship," he said. "A man like that ought to stick to dry land."

"Well, you know, I have a fellow-feeling for him, Captain," she answered; "I'm afraid of the sea myself."

"Ah," he said, "but you're a woman, you see. A bit of fear is all right in a woman. It's natural to them. But with a man it's different. A man ought to be afraid of nothing."

"And are you afraid of nothing, Captain?" she asked.

"Not I," said Hoskins. "You can have the biggest storm ever hatched by the China Seas and I'll thank you for it. It brings out all the good in a man."

"It must be nice to be brave," she exclaimed.

"Oh, it's all right when you're used to it," said Hoskins modestly.

"A brave man and a pretty woman are two of the finest sights in creation. They ought always to be together."

There was something in his tone that made her blush. And though she said she agreed with him, she took the first opportunity of clearing off to another part of the deck.

Shortly afterwards we put to sea. For the next few days we had the best of weather, and everything went smoothly. I had my time pretty well taken up with my work, but for all that I could see one or two things that set me thinking. The first was that the old man was making himself uncommonly attentive to Miss Sandford. The second was that this Mr. Hay, in a quiet and timid sort of way, was thinking a good deal of her too. Hoskins saw quickly enough that he had a rival, but as he had started off with a healthy contempt for him, he didn't disturb himself over and above much. For my part, I thought the girl fancied Hay rather than Hoskins; and though she couldn't avoid the old man, and could not help listening to his sea yarns, I could see her eyes turning forwards towards the waist, where Hay was putting in his time looking at the tiger.

One afternoon the skipper was sitting beside Miss Sandford on the poop-deck, when Hay came up the companion and made his way towards them.

"There's something I want to tell you, Captain," he said. "It's getting on my mind and making me quite uncomfortable. That man whose business it is to look after the tiger isn't doing his work properly. The animal isn't getting enough food. It is developing a savage nature. And yesterday, when I went to see the man about it, I found that he was intoxicated. I really think you should interfere."

Of course, the old man should have interfered. But he didn't like being told his duty by the little Professor, especially when the girl was about. So he just sneered.

"I suppose you're afraid of the beast escaping?" he said.

"I should certainly regard it as unfortunate," the little man replied. "You see, a drunken man might be careless about the fastenings. I must really insist upon your speaking to him."

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



IV.—ANGLING FOR ALLIGATORS (WITH NATIVE ASSISTANTS).

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

"He's not one of my crew," said Hoskins. "I have enough to do to look after them. If any of them get drunk, they'll hear of it. But this chap is a passenger, even if he is only a steerage one. He can do as he likes with his spare time. If you're so darned frightened about the beast, you'd better look to the fastenings yourself."

"Excuse me," said the Professor stiffly, "that is not my business. The animal does not belong to me. I have done what I believe to be my duty. I can say no more."

He turned away without even a glance at the girl.

"That man," said Hoskins, looking after him, "is frightened of his own shadow. Let me give you a bit of fatherly advice, Miss Sandford. When you are looking for a man to marry, never select a coward. A girl like you wants someone who will protect her in times of danger; someone she can rely on and look up to."

"I'm not thinking of getting married," she said shyly. "But when I do, I'll bear your advice in mind, Captain."

"That's it," said Hoskins. "Think over it carefully. And as for getting married, I'd be glad if you'd think over that too."

She started like a frightened horse.

"Oh, Captain!" she said. "I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"You do understand," he said tenderly, drawing his chair a bit nearer to her. "Miss Sandford! Hilda! Haven't you a word for a poor old seaman who worships the very ground you tread on? Think over it. None but the brave deserve the fair, you know."

"You mustn't speak like this," she exclaimed, rising as though she were distressed. "You are older than I am. And I don't know that you are a brave man. I have only your word for it. Please don't speak to me about this again."

The old man saw that he had gone a little bit too far.

"Wait!" he said, "don't be frightened. I promise not to say a word until we reach England. Before we get there, if we have a bit of rough weather, I'll show you the sort of man I am. I should love a bit of danger for your sake."

For the next few days he went about whistling for a wind, as though he wanted to send us all to Davy Jones's locker. I believe he would have been glad of a typhoon just to show his seamanship and his contempt for danger. As for his seamanship, no one ever questioned it; and as for his contempt for danger, he was to get his chance all right, though not quite in the way he expected.

It was about a week after his conversation with the girl that it came. Hilda was sitting on the poop-deck, reading a book. The old man was marching up and down with a quarter-deck trot, casting glances at her and thinking how pretty she was, when suddenly he let off a howl that would have frightened an elephant and sprang into the port mizzen rigging. I wasn't far off him at the time, and I looked at him, wondering whether he had gone mad. Then I saw what he had seen, and I went

up the starboard mizzen shrouds as quickly as he had gone up the port ones. The girl raised her head and looked up at Hoskins, and he gaped down at her and tried to shout. But for some time he could only make faces.

"Look! look!" he yelled at last, "come up the rigging! The tiger is loose!"

She sprang to her feet and looked about her. Not four yards away from her the tiger was playing with a coil of rope. It was paying no sort of attention to her at the moment, but she felt that it might take it into its head to spring at her at any minute. As she stood, she was cornered between the stern of the ship and the cabin door. There was nothing to be done but to climb up the rigging. She tried, but the first step was too high, and she could not manage it. And when she realised that, I thought she was going to faint.

Hoskins was just going down to give her a hand, but at that moment the tiger looked up and saw him, and gave a kind of roar. The old man stuck where he was then, and sort of shivered all over like a jelly in a gale. As for the girl, she went white all over, and gave herself up for lost. And then—out of the cabin came Professor Hay.

He just took one look round and saw the tiger. Then he picked up a broom that someone who had been washing decks had left leaning against the deck-house, and pushed at the tiger with it, looking it straight between the eyes. I'd heard of the power of the human eye before, but I had never believed it until that afternoon. He kept walking forward, pushing the beast gently before him right into the waist and back into its cage. When he had it safely fastened in, he came astern again, looking not the least bit excited or worried, and put the broom carefully back into its place. The girl was looking hard at him, and her eyes were shining; but he didn't seem to be aware of it. Hoskins had come down the rigging and was

looking a trifle ashamed of himself. He hadn't known it was so easy to push tigers into their cages with a broom, or he might have had a try at it. After a bit he spoke up.

"That was a fine bit of work, Sir," he said. "If I hadn't seen it, I couldn't have believed it."

"Oh, it's nothing," said the Professor. "It's my business. I tame wild animals."

After that he seemed to dismiss the whole subject from his mind, and went down into the cabin. But I saw him, later in the evening, talking to that girl, and he must have had something important to say to her, for when the old man met her next morning and began making excuses for himself, she cut him short.

"Captain," she said, "do you remember advising me to marry a brave man?"

"I do," said Hoskins, a bit puzzled.

"Well," she said softly, "he asked me yesterday; and I'm going to take your advice."

Which shows you, Doctor, that bravery is very much a matter of custom. As for poor old Hoskins, we had mill-pond weather the whole way home, and he hadn't even a chance to show himself.

THE END.



HOOKED, BUT NOT (YET) LANDED.

THE UNWILLING AIRSHIP PASSENGER: These 'ere navigable balloons is beginnin' to get a confounded nuisance.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR KYNASTON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



SHERIDAN, as readers of the history of the drama will remember, had on occasion to be locked in a room at Drury Lane Theatre, with a plateful of sandwiches and a bottle of claret, in order to get out of him the last act of the play which the company was waiting to rehearse. Somewhat similar if not identical tactics were adopted by Mr. Leedham Bantock, his collaborator, Mr. Anderson, and their composer, Mr. Howard Talbot, for "The Girl Behind the Counter," the new comedy with music which is to be produced next Tuesday evening at Wyndham's, though it need hardly be said they did not wait until the actors were clamouring for their parts to do their work. Finding concentration in London difficult, they went down to Seven-oaks and put up at a little country hotel on the top of a hill. Then they began to work. The weather was delightfully propitious for the purpose—it rained every day and all day. It was therefore impossible for them to get out with any comfort. They had perforce to stay indoors and keep their thoughts away from their miserable surroundings by fixing them on the pleasantries of their composition. The result was that they were away only ten days. No more delighted party ever drove into London than the happy trio who came back on Mr. Talbot's motor-car.

As a rule, composers fit their music to the author's lyrics, but in certain instances Mr. Talbot composed songs for the new piece before the words were written. In this way, it has been possible to introduce certain rhythms which have not been used before.

"The Girl Behind the Counter" will serve for the return to the stage of Mr. Hayden Coffin, who might, indeed, have been seen in the last work of the authors of this piece but that his other engagements stood in the way. The leading lady's part will be played by

suggestion in view of the approaching marriage of Princess Ena with the King of Spain, other international amenities have not been disregarded, for Mr. Harry Fragson plays a French Count, and so represents our neighbour of the *Entente*; while Mr. Johnny Danvers will be an American millionaire; and Miss May de Sousa, a daughter of the Stars and Stripes, will give the necessary touch of realism by appearing as his daughter. From Mr. Fragson comes much of the music of the first act, as much of that of the second comes from Mr. Danvers. The scenery of the second act, like the dresses, comes from Paris. It has been painted by M. Bertin, who does a great deal of the scenery used at the Opéra.

On Saturday evening the Apollo Theatre will reopen with the long-promised musical comedy, "The Dairy Maids," for the production of which five people have been responsible, though two men have written the book, two men have written the lyrics, and two men have written the songs. The librettists are Mr. A. M. Thompson and Mr. Robert Courtneidge, the lyric-writers are Mr. Paul Rubens and Mr. A. Wimperis, while the composers are Mr. F. Tours and Mr. Paul Rubens. The apparent discrepancy in the addition is therefore furnished by the fact that Mr. Paul Rubens is both lyric-writer and composer, as he always is. His association with Mr. Frank Tours is particularly happy, as their styles are by no means dissimilar.

Indeed, in a light, frivolous song, it might be difficult for anyone not an expert to say with certainty which of them had written it. Mr. Rubens, however, always writes his own words, and so impresses his individuality on his work in that way. The chief members of the company are Miss Gracie Leigh, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Agnes Fraser, Miss Carrie Moore, and Miss Florence Smithson; Mr. Ambrose Manning, Mr. Frank Greene, Mr. Dan Rolyat, and Mr. Walter Passmore.

One of the songs most recently introduced into "Mr. Popple," at the Shaftesbury, is called "Man, Man in America," and in it reference is made to this Journal. It is sung by Miss Violet Lloyd, and the refrain, which is in itself amply explanatory of the actress's despair and the possible rewards of her success, runs as follows—

Man, Man in America,
Do send me over a song;
For no English play runs for more than a day
If you don't send one along.
Man, Man in America,
Any old rubbish I'll try.
I'll get a new dress, if I make a success,
AND I'LL BE IN "THE SKETCH" BY-AND-BY.

At the New Theatre on Saturday evening, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry will produce the long-talked-of play, "Dorothy o' the Hall," which was tried nearly eighteen months ago at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Miss Julia Neilson will, of course, play Dorothy Vernon, and Mr. Fred Terry will be Sir John Manners. Among the other members of the company will be Miss Miriam Lewes (Queen Elizabeth), Miss Adeline Bourne (Queen Mary), Miss Claire Pouncefort (Lady Vernon); Mr. Horace Hodges (Perkin, a dwarf), Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw (Sir Malcolm Vernon), Mr. Malcolm Cherry (Sir William St. Loe), Mr. J. Carter Edwards (Sir George Vernon), while the Earl of Rutland will be played by Mr. Frederick Groves. In this connection it is not without interest to note that the Dukedom of Rutland dates back only to 1703, and the present holder of the title, who is perhaps best known as Lord John Manners and filled the office of Postmaster-General, was born in the year 1818, so that he is now eighty-eight years of age.



LA MERELLI ON THE MUSIC-HALL
STAGE IN PARIS.

La Merelli, the notorious Gallay's travelling companion, has, as we have already noted in "The Sketch," accepted a music-hall engagement. She has had a great succes de curiosité.

Photograph supplied by the Photo Studio.

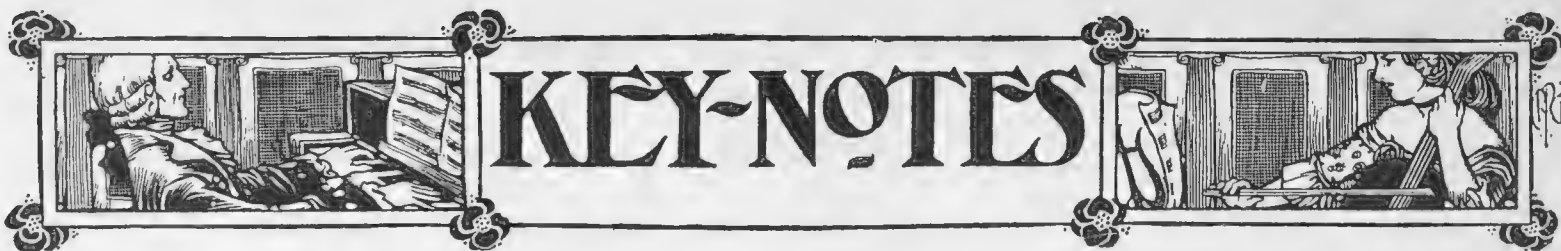


A FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN AND HIS FAMILY: MR. GEORGE ROBEY, MRS. ROBEY (MISS ETHEL HAYDON), AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Photograph by R. Brown.

Miss Isabel Jay, and among the other performers will be Miss Millie Legard, Miss Coralie Blythe, and Miss Marie Dainton; Mr. Laurence Grossmith, Mr. George Barrett, and Mr. Akerman May.

In accordance with present arrangements the Royalty will reopen next Wednesday evening with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's new musical comedy, "Castles in Spain," the title finally decided upon to the exclusion of "In Gay Madrid." If the name has an opportune



ON Monday, April 2, the first of what are called the "Bach Choir Festival Concerts" was given under the direction of Dr. Walford Davies at the Queen's Hall. It will be possible later on to discuss the performances (set down for other days) of the B minor Mass and of other works written peacefully, but upon a colossal scale, by Bach; but upon this particular occasion the programme was made up of what may be called miniature master-

pieces, the number of the works being no fewer than eight. Whether Bach himself would have entirely approved of the manner in which these amazingly artistic fragments from his musical brain were given may be left to the opinion of any individual who takes an interest in the fine art of music. It is, of course, a matter of universal knowledge that he wrote practically all his work for the church to which he was attached as organist. Among the details of Monday's programme was the great master's concerto for two violins, played by the Misses Isabel and Eldreda Watts. They interpreted the work with much spirit and with much feeling, entering in quite a dramatic way into the sentiment which Bach intended. So well did

The last Symphony Concert given at the Queen's Hall brought forward as solo violinist Mlle. Renée Chemet. She took the solo violin part in Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnol," and played very brilliantly. A word may be said concerning Lalo; he has many admirers, one might almost say many enthusiasts, but both admirer and enthusiast will tell you that he is not appreciated at large because his art is too great. The same thing has been said of many a musician who really had no vital claims, despite enormous cleverness, upon the appreciation of the musical world. One acknowledges fully that Lalo wrote very interesting, even engrossing music, even as one acknowledges that Bizet in his "Les Pêcheurs des Perles" was also interesting and engrossing; yet, as the American humorist would have said, "Vere is dot barty now?" Of course, Lalo's work is very clever, and certainly Mlle. Chemet made a deep impression by her playing of it; but it takes an artist to prove that such a work has real genius in it, and it is probably because artists are so few and far between that this Spanish Symphony is so little known.

To make an easy comment: it scarcely matters—although, of course, it matters to some extent—how a performance of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" may be given by a reasonably artistic company; yet you recognise throughout the sheer beauty of the work, as the present writer recognised it in a theatre at Whitechapel some years ago, when through all the mist and blur of the surrounding atmosphere the loveliness of Mozart's art once more appealed to the musical feeling. In these other

cases, especially in such cases as that of Lalo, Cui, and Cesar Franck, it is necessary to have a very fine performance before you can recognise that they wrote art for art's sake. In the Scherzando of Lalo's Symphony Mlle. Chemet showed how extremely interesting the music really is, and though it was impossible to avoid monotony now and then, she played with really noble distinction. The Andante of this work was described on the programme as having a sense of Spanish local colour. It has nothing of the sort; such local colour as it has is entirely Russian.

On May 23, Mr. Coleridge Taylor's setting of Coleridge's famous poem, "Kubla Khan," the opening words of which are unforgettable—

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree—

is to be given in London by the Handel Society. We are reminded, by the way, that during the month of March the first two parts of the same composer's "Hiawatha" were given at Constantinople. Thus the Mussulman gives honour to an alien race. COMMON CHORD.



SINGER AND POLITICIAN: MISS IONA ROBERTSON.

Miss Robertson, who has sung and recited at Queen's Hall concerts, at the Bechstein and other halls in London, and at many important concerts in Scotland, is an ardent politician. She is a Radical, and is keenly interested in the Highland Land question. She also pleads for greater recognition of Gaelic.

Photograph by Bassano.

they play that it was possible to conceive of an operatic composer. Miss Ada Crossley sang very finely that which was described on the programme as a "Solo Cantata for Contralto," "Schlage doch," in which, as it seemed to the present writer, Bach had even outrun the most modern of composers, including such names as Wagner, Strauss, and Elgar.

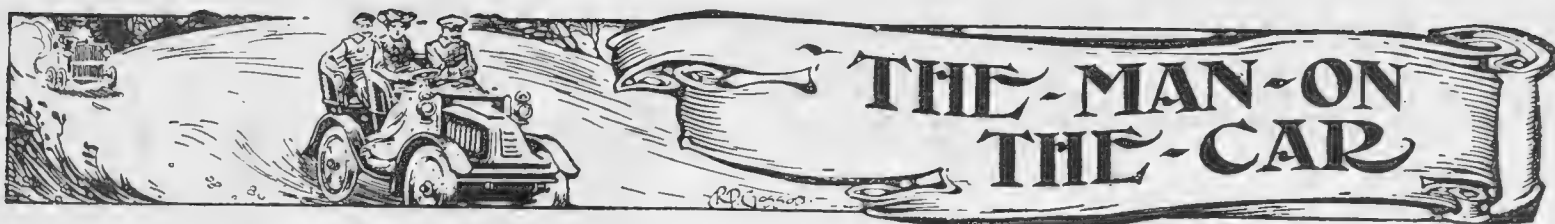
Bach's use of the bells in this particular cantata is an actual anticipation of the bells in Wagner's "Parsifal." It is not possible to imagine that Wagner was acquainted with this work, on account of one's historical knowledge. In fact, this is a melody which can compete with the greatest of all melodies in the world, and even then might easily take a first prize. Miss Crossley sang it very beautifully, with a singular sense of poetry, and the orchestra was especially good, Dr. Walford Davies bringing out the sense of the tolling of bells, which many another good conductor might have neglected, with a perfect sense of their meaning in the orchestral portion of the work. In Bach's "Liebster Gott" Miss Crossley, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr. W. Forington, and the chorus were joined together. At the beginning the quality of the chorus was not very good, but later on these singers warmed to their work, and in the chorale, "Herrscher über Tod und Leben," they were fired with real enthusiasm. In fact, this particular part of the concert became, under Mr. Davies's enthusiastic direction, most exciting. Dr. H. P. Allen, who is the organist of New College, Oxford, played the famous Prelude and Fugue in E minor magnificently. His style is personal, inasmuch as he does not exactly follow so precise, although so great a teacher as Sir John Stainer, nor does he follow the more emotional manner of Sir Walter Parratt; but he is within the two styles, as it were, with the result that it seems to the present writer that he approaches more nearly to the manner which Bach himself desired, although not so brilliantly, than either of the two organists whom we have mentioned. The organist who is known by the name of Christopher Urswick, a well-known pseudonym in the musical world, is, in this respect, possibly finer than Dr. Allen.



TO COMPOSE AN OPERA FOR MME. CALVÉ.
MR. ISIDORE DE LARA.

It is said that one of the results of the success attained by Mr. Isidore de Lara's new opera, "Sanga," which was recently produced at Nice, is that its composer has been asked to write a work upon a subject suggested by Mme. Calvé, who will play the leading part in it. It will be remembered that Mr. de Lara—who, by the way, is English—is the composer of "The Light of Asia," "Amy Robsart," and "Messaline," all of which have been heard at Covent Garden.

Photograph by Desgranges.



MOTOR GYMKHANAS—A CURIOUS VERDICT IN A MOTOR CASE—LONDON TO NICE BY MOTOR-CAR IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS?—

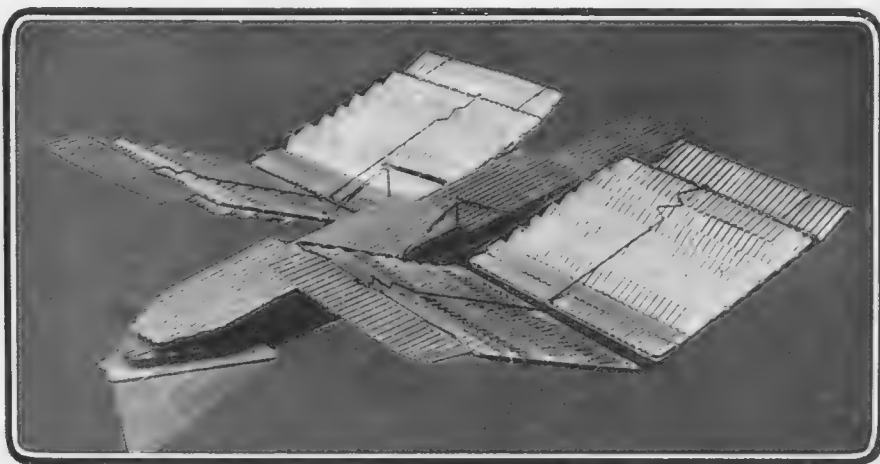
AN ATTEMPT TO OBIATE SIDESLIP—LAMPS—FRONT-WHEEL BRAKING.

MOTOR gymkhanas do not appear to be growing in favour with those who provide entertainment for the leisured classes at such centres of sport and recreation as the Ranelagh Club. Amongst the numerous fixtures for the next three months I find but one motor function, and that the Ladies' Automobile Gymkhana by members of the Ladies' Automobile Club. This is certain to produce an enjoyable and interesting afternoon, but time was when the Automobile Club itself ran such an afternoon's sport at Ranelagh on its own account. The function was dropped some two years or so ago, owing to the terribly sodden nature of the turf, consequent upon incessant rain, and has never been revived. The Automobile Club has of late appeared content to let all the social functions, which at one time served to keep the members in touch, go by the board.

One must go to Ireland for curious verdicts, even in motor cases. In an action for damages, a Limerick jury recently found that, though the motor-car driver was not guilty of any negligence, the motor was the cause of the accident for which proceedings were taken. The Judge held that that was a verdict for the defendant, as the jury implied that the driver was innocent. The car was turning a corner, and a horse standing sixty or seventy yards up the street took fright and pitched its own driver upon the road. If motorists are to be held accountable for everything that elects to take fright at their cars, then the life of a car-owner must become more chequered than ever.

London to Nice in forty-eight hours is something of a tall order, but before these words see the light the trip will have been attempted, and may have been accomplished by Mr. Charles Jarrott on his forty-horse-power Crossley. Roughly, it means continuous travel over the whole distance at an average speed of a shade over twenty miles per hour, which is not so much a trial of the machine as of the man behind the wheel. The allotted time includes embarking, disembarking, and getting the car through the customs on the French shore. Motor-driving for long periods engenders an irresistible sleepiness, and how Mr. Jarrott hopes to keep Morpheus at arm's length

Side-slips, for which those who have experienced one or two of a serious character feel a profound respect, are generally found to take place to the left. That is to say that if the clutch is withdrawn suddenly or the pedal-brake is applied suddenly, the car almost always swings towards the left-hand side of the road. There is little doubt that many unexpected and unprovoked side-slips are due to the gyroscopic action of the fly-wheel, which, it is said, could be averted by another fly-wheel made to rotate horizontally on gimbals, after the



AN ATTEMPT TO IMITATE THE BIRD'S FLIGHT: THE COCHRANE DIRIGIBLE FLYING-MACHINE.

Cochrane's dirigible corrugated aluminium flying-machine owes its form to both bird and fish. The corrugations of the machine, which point in the direction in which it is travelling, represent the air-holding feathers of the bird, and each wing is composed of ten oscillating sections which are under the control of the aeronaut. The steering is done by means of a rudder resembling the tail of a fish, and by deflection of the wings. The motor by which it is propelled is placed underneath the centre of the machine and thus acts as a balance. The machine can be used with or without a gas-bag, and it is claimed that when it is used in combination with an elongated balloon, ballast is not required, and it can remain in the air for days without losing gas.—[Photograph by Park.]

manner of the ingenious self-steering apparatus fitted to a Whitehead torpedo. But if this were done, it occurs to me that, unless the rotative speed of the horizontal fly-wheel were very much reduced in turning corners, the driver would find the operation of the steering-wheel a very hefty business. But anything that would tend to obviate sudden and unexpected side-slips would be welcome.



A COMBINED BUFFER AND BRAKE FOR MOTOR-CARS.

The buffer is so designed that when it strikes an object the shock puts on the brake of the motor-car and stops the engine.—[Photograph by Braunger.]

during the last twelve hours of the run is more than I can tell. If the present weather as we have it here holds in France the roads down the Saône and Rhône valleys should be in grand condition.

There is still a wide field open for improvements in motor-car lamps, both acetylene and paraffin consuming. Of the former I once heard a prominent French automobilist say that the only thing certain about them was that when they were specially necessary to the comfort and safety of their owner they always went wrong. This is a somewhat sweeping condemnation, but, even at the best of times, they are rather uncertain cattle. Scrupulous cleanliness is absolutely necessary if good results are to accrue, and re-charging whenever light is required is the only safe course. With regard to side-lights, those using paraffin are always more or less smoky and dirty, and, after all, throw a very poor beam of light. I have heard that a well-known firm of lamp-makers are introducing side and tail lamps to burn petrol, and as these, if successful and satisfactory, would be always clean, they will obtain a favourable reception. There is always an element of uncertainty in the use of electricity, which the savage action and sentences of police and magistrates make it unwise to risk.

Sooner or later some enterprising manufacturer will fit the steering-wheels of a motor-car with brakes, applicable and retainable by means of Bowden wires suitably and conveniently actuated. Braking the steering-wheels of tri-cars has been found most satisfactory in actual practice, and it is held by many whose opinions are to be respected that front-wheel braking would largely obviate the kind of side-slip which follows a sudden application of a foot-brake. Such a provision would be invaluable for cars used in hilly country, particularly in descending the *lacets*, or zigzags, by which mountain roads gain access to the plains.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND ITS STEWARDS—BANK HOLIDAY FIXTURES—THE MYSTERY OF THE TURF.

AT the annual meeting of the Jockey Club, to be held at Newmarket in the Craven Week, it is said Lord Stanley and Lord Downe will be elected stewards in the place of the late Sir James Miller, and of Mr. Arthur James, who retires, but who, I think, should be asked to accept another term, as he has worked hard and well in the cause of racing, and is well versed in the laws of the game. Mr. James is a patron of R. Marsh's stable, and he has a very useful three-year-old in Gorgos, who is expected by some people to win one of the classic races. Viscount Downe has been a steward of the Jockey Club before, when he did his duty most ably. Lord Stanley is well known to race-goers. He attends the South-country meetings regularly, and is, of course, a *persona grata* at the Liverpool reunions. Now that he is freed from the toils of government he should have plenty of time to devote to racing. He has a few horses in training in the Hon. G. Lambton's stable at Newmarket, where no fewer than forty two-year-olds belonging to Lord Derby are trained. Colonel E. W. Baird, who will be the senior steward next year, has a few horses in training in Enoch's stable. He is immensely rich and immensely popular. There are, by-the-bye, many members of the club who could be relied upon to play the part of steward well—notably Mr. C. D. Rose, the member for Newmarket; and Mr. G. W. Larnach, who won the Derby with Jeddah, and who is a brother-in-law of the Earl of Cork. I should like to see the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland, and Earl Cadogan have another innings each, while Mr. Leo Rothschild has not acted for a very long time. In the course of years we may expect to see the Duke of Westminster, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Wolverton, and Sir Samuel Scott take office. It is to be hoped that several good owners who are at present outside the pale of the Jockey Club will be elected members of that most august body before very long. The Jockey Club cannot afford to do without a few "labour" members.

The Bank Holiday fixtures this year will be many, and the sport, generally speaking, should be of the top class. I expect that there will be a monster crowd at Kempton Park, where everything now is looking at its very best. The course is capital going; indeed, it is good at Sunbury the year round, and it is always well looked after. I am told that the admission-fee to the cheap ring is reduced, and that alone should cause it to be packed. The ten-shilling ring at Kempton is seldom filled, and I think it would be a good move to throw it into Tattersall's Ring, and thereby allow the dwellers in the latter to get the full benefit of the grand stand, which is one of the best in England. The members are well catered for at Kempton in the matter of lawn and stand, while the covered way from the course to the station is the only one of the sort in England, with the exception of Gatwick and Ascot. The covered way from the station to the course at Ascot is without doubt

one of the most practical improvements ever suggested by the management, but I think the railway company deserve a lot of the credit for its having been built. The Manchester Meeting will attract a leviathan crowd on Easter Monday, including many of the gentler sex who patronise the cheap stands. Racing under Jockey Club rules at Castle Irwell has not panned out well of late years, but the Easter fixtures, which are held under National Hunt rules, have always yielded well. The Lancashire Steeplechase has the advantage of attracting many of the Grand National failures, and it was hoped at one time that it would become an ante-post betting medium; but backers do not care to bet beforehand on jumping races, with the exception of the Liverpool Grand National, and it may be that no speculation would take place before the start for this race if it came on later in the season. As it is, many speculators try and couple up the winner with that for the Lincoln Handicap in many little doubles that do not synchronise once in a decade.

The curse of racing is, I think, the mystery attaching to the business. I have always contended that in the long run a fool could do more harm than a rogue to the sport of kings, and I think those men who speak in whispers and talk signs are simply trying to cover their own ignorance by mysterious doings that are harmful to the sport. Even trainers, and well-known ones too, have learned to think and talk mysteriously. If asked by an owner point-blank what chance

his horse has for a certain race, the answer never gets beyond "The animal is very well," accompanied by a dozen "ifs." Why not put the trainer in the same position as a witness in the box at the Law Courts and fasten him down to plain "Yes" or "No"? Get rid of the mystery or supposed

mystery of the Turf, and the game would be much more popular and we should soon cease to have some of the cranks denouncing the whole business and all connected with it. I am afraid that some few of our owners, the best of men in private life and honourable men to boot, enjoy the "mysterious" side of the Turf, and they generally use winks, nods, and whispers, while good, wholesome, plain English would be ever so much better. Despite all this mystery, it is possible for those who go the right way about it to find out all that is worth knowing about the majority of the racehorses in England, and it does not say much for the intelligence of some of the big trainers when they have to go to the touts to tell them what chance their horse has against the others engaged in a certain race. But this speaks volumes for the ability of the horse-watchers, who do their work ably as a rule, and know a horse when they see one.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



A WELL-KNOWN LADY SALMON-FISHER AT WORK: MRS. LISTER LANDING HER SECOND FISH IN THIRTY MINUTES.

Photograph by H. Dunning.



TWO SALMON IN THIRTY MINUTES: MRS. LISTER AND HER CATCH.

Mrs. Lister is one of the best-known salmon-fishers on the Usk. She first began to practise the art of Izaak Walton some twelve years ago, angling for trout and coarse fish. She has also fished in Ireland.

Photograph by H. Dunning.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is unceasingly surprising, not to say wonderful, what powers of recuperation lie in the well of human nature. Given a gleam of thin April sunshine even, and the winter of our discontent is forgotten, the Radical majority ceases for the moment to trouble, and the Siberian blasts of March are as if they had never been; our thoughts turn lightly to spring millinery, and the sorrows of the immediate past are gilded with the few stray sunbeams that filter down and are duly registered at Greenwich. If only we were vouchsafed a more liberal measure of those same cheering rays that are showered so bountifully upon the happy and lucky children of the South, what a different planet this might seem to the sober islander! The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune must surely lose both point and poison in the flood of dazzling warmth and light that overlaps the flower-filled fields of Southern Europe.

The schoolboy whose geographical studies led him to remark that he couldn't understand "why silly fools shivered in Labrador when they could live in London" expresses my sentiments exactly, only one would go farther and say—"Why not try Cairo or Como, if moving house at all?" Fortunately, perhaps, they of Labrador know not what delights lie *perdu* within a week's sledging and sailing. It is only the knowledge of better things that implants in one what the poet calls a divine discontent; and doubtless, in his way, the fur-covered hunter of the frozen North is as happy as the dark-eyed gatherer of grapes in a sun-soaked vineyard—only he must not go to Italy!

Apropos of grapes, an American friend called on me two days ago with the latest eccentricity in Paris millinery—a wide shady hat of pink chip, tilted at the usual angle of forty-five, and trimmed with purple clusters of miraculously natural-looking grapes, the whole

inches on the ground in front—rather difficult to walk in within doors and absolutely necessitating a carriage without. The small suggestion of Empire that takes the shape of a train falling from a pointed corselet skirt just below the shoulders spoiled, to my mind, a perfect gown.

Empire modes are not successful in the afternoon—and barely so at night, although one was almost reconciled to their incongruities in



A SIMPLE EMPIRE STYLE.



[Copyright.]

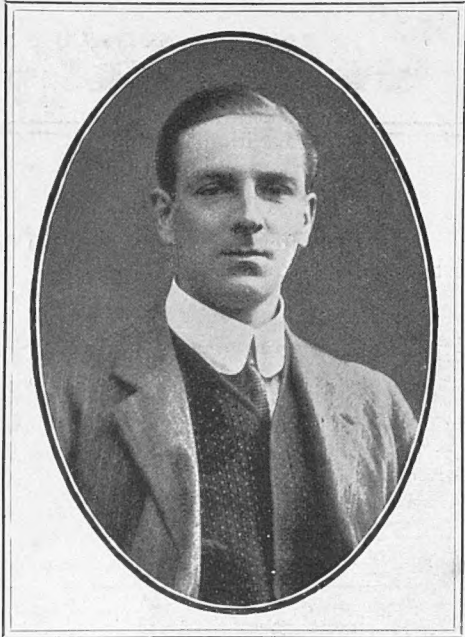
A NEW SPRING DESIGN.

looking at the sketch of an Empire evening-gown of pale pink satin and lace in last week's issue. True-lovers' knots in ribbons of three pale colours trimmed the skirt, and long hanging sleeves softened the Napoleonic outlines effectively. Certainly the blending of variously coloured ribbons on a contrasting background is a charming feature of the moment's modes, and the way in which the notion is carried out in tiny field-flowers on new spring millinery should go far to make any merely pretty girl irresistible.

The approach of the season brings forth smart blinds in our windows in town as it does flowers in country fields and lanes—only with the difference that daisies and buttercups, like Topsy, "just grow," where casement curtains require care, taste, and forethought to obtain satisfactory results. Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, specialise in window fittings, just as in bedroom furniture generally, and their new Casement Flax is particular to themselves, and entirely seductive in the various dainty shades in which it is produced—mauve, apple-green, brown, leaf-green being amongst the most successful. Besides the Casement Flax, Heal's Mohair Casement Cloth is also a delightful adjunct to the carefully dressed window; in addition to being soft and draping easily, it wears for ever, and washes without losing colour, which is more than can be said for many vaunted fabrics.

That culture is the keynote of Heal and Sons' success may again be realised in a glance through the dainty booklet just issued by them, and called "Old-Fashioned Fabrics." In it are shown photographed

supported with a *cache-peigne* of bright blue ribbons. This sounds as if it might have come from Petticoat Lane; but it was the manner in which these conflicting colours and materials were brought into line that marked the master hand. With this was worn a purple cloth gown executed at the same temple of the mode; the skirt was three



MR. CLARENCE SEATON, WHO GAVE A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AT THE STEINWAY HALL ON TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK.

Mr. Clarence Seaton, a humorist with a future, gave a most successful concert at the Steinway Hall the other day, and evidently pleased his audience. He was assisted by Miss Florence Castelle, soprano; Miss Gwynne Sizer, contralto; and M. Rohan de Clensy, solo violin.

Photograph by Arbus.

velvet, instead of French brocade! It is to combat such enormities that Messrs. Heal have issued the booklet called "Old-Fashioned Fabrics."

It is allowed by all admiring foreigners that the Briton is very fond of his bath, but there was a time when soap was the luxury of the "well-to-do," and as recently as 1853 or thereabouts the duty on that commodity was threepence a pound. Times have happily changed since then, as the great soap industries of the country amply testify. Chief amongst the favourite "brands" in use is, perhaps, the "Erasmic," the delicacy of its perfume being equalled by the excellence of its ingredients; while its softening process on the hardest of hard London water has popularised it in every Metropolitan household. A few perfumes special and particular to the makers of this famous soap may be recommended for their delicious bouquet, both lasting and delicate. The "Erasmic," "Gaiety," "Dinna

reproductions of old Jacobean, Queen Anne, even Elizabethan designs, which the firm has had copied with a view to make harmony in the room between curtains, coverings, and furniture. People who are extremely particular about the correct "periods" of their chairs and tables will often hang most incongruous curtains in the same room, sublimely unconscious of the bad effect produced. A friend who prided himself extremely on his knowledge of art, and had collecting "periods" in all nooks of Europe since his college days, when J——'s rooms at Balliol commanded the commendation even of the Head, owns at the moment a Louis Seize drawing-room, everything so exactly correct that even a mantel-clock was banished because of a question as to its being "somewhat Quinze." The curtains, meanwhile, are Genoa

Forget," and "Sweet Pea" are especial favourites, which, in the classic phrase of the advertisement, when once used are always used. SYBIL.

SOME MORE HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE Midland Railway Company's arrangements for Easter are nothing if not ample. Cheap excursions will be run on Tuesday, April 10, to Londonderry, via Heysham, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days, as per sailing bill; on Wednesday, April 11, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., via Heysham and via Liverpool; to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, etc., via Heysham, via Barrow, and via Liverpool, and via Stranraer and Larne, available for returning any week-day within sixteen days; on Thursday, April 12, to Londonderry via Liverpool, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days, as per sailing bill; to Nottingham, Birmingham, Derby, Manchester, Blackburn, Oldham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Scarborough, Barrow, and the Furness and Lake District, etc., returning the following Monday, Tuesday, or Friday; to Alnwick, Berwick, Newcastle, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Ballater, etc., returning the following Monday or Thursday. Tickets will also be issued by the Scotch excursion at slightly more than the single ordinary third-class fare for the double journey, available for returning on any day within eighteen days from and including date of issue. Special arrangements have also been made for the Saturday and Monday. Cheap week-end tickets will also be issued to the principal seaside and inland holiday resorts. For full particulars the company's announcements should be consulted.



BEAUTIFUL TAPESTRY AT MESSRS. HEAL AND SON'S.

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, April 9, to Monday, April 16, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations. Ordinary and tourist tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving-offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western passenger trains for the Easter holidays. Tourist-tickets, available for six calendar months, are issued daily to North, South, and Central Wales, Blackpool, Morecambe, Windermere, and other seaside and inland watering-places. The company have also arranged a very full programme of cheap excursions for the holidays. For full particulars, see the company's announcements.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway will run Easter excursions to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Pulborough, Littlehampton, Bognor, Southsea, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, etc. Extra trains will be run from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace grand sacred concert on Good Friday, and the special holiday entertainments on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and following days, returning in the evening at frequent intervals. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth, Hayling Island, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight. On Easter Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, and Worthing. The Brighton Company announce that their West End offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 11, 12, and 14, for the sale of the special cheap and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.



FROM THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA TO HIS FORCES.

We illustrate three "infantry efficiency" prizes presented by Lord Kitchener to the Indian Army. The solid silver statuette representing a British officer was won by the 1st Battalion the Queen's Regiment; the solid silver statuette of a native officer was won by the 130th Baluchis; and the solid silver cup with a statuette representing a sergeant in a British regiment was won by the 1st Battalion Queen's Regiment. The trophies were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112 and 110, Regent Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 24.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE clearing of the political atmosphere, so far as international politics are concerned, and the prospects of cheaper money make for an improvement in the markets; and already we are inundated with issues of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent; while all sorts of Government loans are—if rumour is to be trusted—on the point of seeing the light. Russia, Germany, and Japan are about to appeal for funds, and there is a £10,000,000 issue of Irish Land stock to come upon the market. We do not suppose that the two Continental Empires expect much support in London, but we cannot prevent the disturbance of the Money Markets which the issues will produce.

It is now officially announced that the Nitrate Combination has been renewed, and that 99½ per cent. of the producers have joined. That the question would be solved in this way, our valued correspondent "Q" has never doubted, and the news of the correctness of his judgment must be pleasing to those of our readers who have acted on his advice and are holders of Nitrate shares. We are not in theory favourable to combinations of any sort or kind, whether they be Sugar Conventions, Nitrate Combinations, or Standard Oil Trusts, but we are bound to confess that, from the shareholders' point of view, it is advantageous and calculated to improve the price of shares.

There is every prospect of cheaper money, and the advantage will be felt in nearly every market; but above all, we think that Home Rails will profit, not so much because contangoes are likely to be lower, but as with the reduction of the Bank Rate the interest allowed on deposits and the charge for discounts must come down, moneys which in these days are piled up with the Joint Stock Banks and big Discount Companies will be seeking more lucrative employment, and so be forced into suitable investments. Stock is scarce, and relatively little buying will affect prices to an extent which in lively times would not be the case.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMS, AND OTHER THINGS.

Several industrial concerns whose shares have received notice in these columns have published their profits in the last few days. The *Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company* earned a net profit in the past twelve months of £255,615, and is again paying 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. A comparison with previous years' results is impossible in this case, both because the conversion to electric traction was only partially effected during the year, and also because for the first time the profits for the City of Buenos Ayres Tramways Company are included. It is evident, however, that the Company is in a sound and flourishing condition, and the city of Buenos Ayres, which it serves, now contains over a million inhabitants. At their present price of over £9, the Ordinary shares return less than 4½ per cent., but the high price is accounted for by the fact that the Board has promised to issue 100,000 new Ordinary shares *at par* to the present Ordinary shareholders when the electrification of the lines is completed. This will give ten new shares for seventeen old, and will, of course, constitute a handsome bonus. No doubt the matter will be referred to at the meeting.

Babcock and Wilcox, Limited, have declared a final dividend for 1905 of 12 per cent., making with the interim distribution of 8 per cent. a total of 20 per cent. for the year. This is the same rate as last year, but must be considered very satisfactory when it is borne in mind that during 1905 the Ordinary capital was increased 50 per cent. from £540,000 to £800,000. At the time of writing the full report has not been issued.

Van den Berghs, Limited, earned a profit in 1905 of £219,018. This is rather less than the profit announced for 1904, as the figures below show; but another competitive business was bought and paid for out of the year's earnings, so that, in reality, the profits for 1905 are probably a record.

	Profits.	Dividend.		Profits.	Dividend
1900 ..	£110,000 ..	4½ per cent.	1903 ..	£144,000 ..	8 per cent.
1901 ..	116,000 ..	5½ "	1904 ..	247,000 ..	12 "
1902 ..	123,000 ..	6½ "	1905 ..	219,000 ..	16 "

In writing of the Company's shares last August, when they stood just over £2, I ventured to predict an increase of the dividend to 16 per cent. for the current year, a prediction which has been exactly verified. There is always, naturally, a feeling of doubt as to whether such huge profits can be maintained on an industrial concern. It must be remembered, however, that this Company has obtained what may almost be described as a monopoly in its own line of business; also, that only a small portion of the actual profits are being distributed as dividend, for after paying 16 per cent., and making ample allowance for depreciation and reserve, the carry-forward is increased from £147,000 last year to the enormous sum of £201,000 for the current year. There should be no difficulty, therefore, in maintaining the present rate of dividend, and the shares are likely to go to £3 or more. Q.

April 5, 1906.

TOPICAL INDUSTRIALS.

To those who pay any heed to these weekly Notes, the ratification of the Nitrate Combine will have occasioned no sense of surprise, although to shareholders in the various Companies it no doubt brought a decided feeling of relief. The rapid way in which prices sprang up when the news first began to leak out last week is a testimony to the willingness of the public to buy such speculative industrials. A good part of the demand came from people who had

parted previously with their shares on the outbreak of the scare, and who left explicit instructions for purchases to be made on their behalf if the combine were reaffirmed. The advance has been so sharp that we should be in no way surprised to see another reaction before the market settles down into a more normal groove, but of the ultimate advance of such shares as Colorado, Laguna Syndicates, and others of the same class, we entertain little doubt. A little Company called the Angela is also doing very well.

Turning from a good market to a bad one, the decline in British Electric Traction shares is giving rise to much uneasiness amongst a large body of investors who hold interests in this or allied undertakings. The British Electric Traction passed its interim dividend, and present estimates put 4 per cent. as the highest which the end of the financial year may bring forth. We have never been enamoured with the financing of the concern, and are prepared to see the price fall to perhaps 5; but, on the other hand, the people who generally support the market do not often allow the quotation to fall below 7. It now stands at a little under this figure.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Once more he stood to watch the Boat-Race from the crowd. Humanity, the nearer the better, if sometimes the more odorous, interested him. He had been turned off Hammersmith Bridge just when things began to grow interesting.

The Castelnau side of the towing-path was packed before, but the crowd absorbed the bridge strollers and looked no larger.

Then the dull roar from 'way down Putney, the thrill of excitement as anticipation craned eagerly forward, and the cracksman applied himself to watch-relief—the roar that came nearer, excitement bubbling up in unconscious shouts from the men, little shrieks from the "ladies," and, above all, the shrill, ear-splitting voices of the thousands of small boys—"Go it, Oxful! Go it, OxFUD!" "Well rowed, Kimebridge! Well rowed, KimeBRIDGE!"—as the two boats literally swept by at full speed.

Our Stroller laughed to himself. "Quite good fun," he soliloquised, jumping into one of the many hansoms. "Bank, please. Soon as you can."

"I've been having a little spasm of excitement that the Boat-Race always gives me," he remarked to his broker shortly afterwards. "Perhaps it's because I'm only a country cousin, but I can't help liking it."

The broker laughed. "You ought to have been in this office half an hour ago," he said. "We had eight or nine men watching the race from the tape. By Jove!"—and he laughed again at the remembrance—"they went almost wild with excitement."

"Everyone's gone home now, I suppose," said Our Stroller.

"Gone or going. But I told you I wanted a late lunch, as I've got to spend the afternoon in town. Are you ready?"

As they stood in the Street debating where to go—

"Excuse me a moment," said the broker, as he walked up to a little knot of men, and began to talk to them.

"Bays at a hundred!" The Stroller heard a man say. "Tall order, isn't it?"

"So was ninety, but they touched it."

"Truly. Well, they may, of course."

"And will, of course," interpolated another. "Sell Bays? Pshaw!" and he tilted his hat far to the back of his head.

The Broker observed that he was the same way of thinking himself.

"Weren't you a dealer in Industrial Banks?" asked a man passing down the street.

"I was, but I got on."

"Got on?" said the other incredulously. "Why, I was a buyer at the price all the time."

The Broker shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps my man employed a good agent," he insinuated. "You were a buyer, and I found another man a seller at the same price, so I got my choice—see?"

"Don't understand it," muttered the other. "What did he make you?"

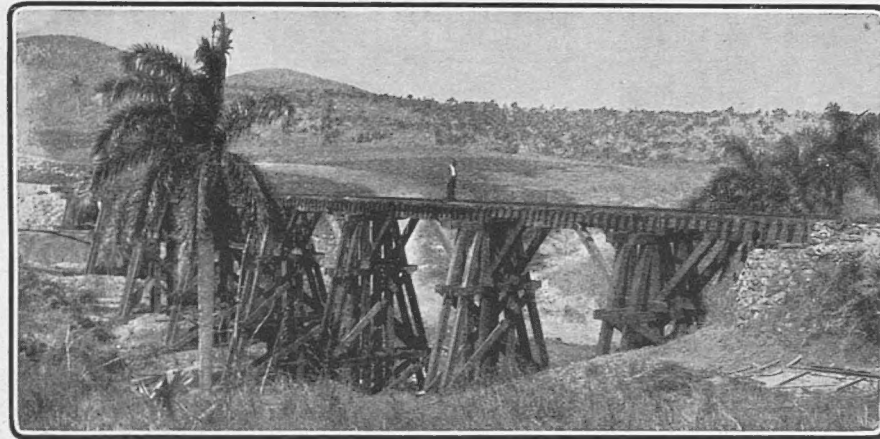
"Never you mind, my son. I bought them, and that's enough for my client. And they're going up, which ought to be enough for you."

"What are they going up on? Here is competition by the Yokohama, Hong Kong, and Shanghai—"

"Nevertheless, my son, buy yourself Industrial Bank of Japan, and you will soon forget 'twas I who told you to."

"Forget?"

"Yes. Because they'll rise, and you will think you bought 'em off your own bat. Bye-bye," he added sweetly.



VIEW ON A CUBAN RAILWAY.

"So sorry to keep you waiting," he went on to Our Stroller. "Those bounders—"

"I know," said the other with sympathy. "I heard it all. Are those Bank of Japan shares any good?"

"Plenty of good. I was going to advise you to have some. It's a Government concern, and the Japanese Government are adepts at making their own things 'go.'"

They sat down at a table and the broker nodded to a man close at hand.

"What did I tell you about Horse Shoes?" the other said.

"Haven't the ghost of an earthly," confessed the broker. "I heard so many li—likely tips—"

"You weren't going to say that, you know. Horse Shoes ought to be sold."

"Really? You take my breath away," said the broker absent-mindedly, as he handed the bill of fare to his guest.

"The capital is supposed to be represented by the ore in sight, but I don't believe it."

"Oh, I don't know. There are a quaint lot behind the Horse Shoe, though I should never put a client into the shares. Kargurlis are better, if anyone wants Westralians."

"Which I presume they don't?" put in Our Stroller.

"Not many," was the reply. "Kalgurlis are a really good property, I believe."

Our Stroller had ordered the lunch.

"Cream soup, cutlets and Scotch kale, and a jam omelette," he told his broker.

"I could have ordered it worse myself," said that worthy. "Oh, drop it, you ass," and he lunged at a passer-by who had removed his hat.

Thus requested, the friend dropped it, and with the neatest kick, landed it, right side up, on the table.

"Silly son of a Cambridge cuckoo!" exclaimed the indignant owner. "Why the—"

"Steady, old man. Why don't I? Because I'm going to have the pleasure of sitting down here and drinking a crème de menthe to your health, though at your expense. Waiter!"

Our Stroller begged to be introduced.

"Now, in return for all your most charming hospitality, let me give you a tip."

"Well?"

"Don't deal in Guatemalas. Keep away from 'em."

"That all?"

"No. Buy Colombian National Second Debentures, and—Thanks. Here's to you."

The broker said he had been advised to sell Argentine Rails "of all kinds."

"Those indiscriminate tips fail to interest me. They are like the

tips one sees in the papers. Sort of 'Buy Home Rails and sell Yankees.'"

The other men smiled.

"I see you recognise them. My tips for Easter are Great Northern Deferred, Mexican Seconds, and Boston Copper."

"World-wide advice," said the broker. "How about Kaffirs?"

"Shouldn't touch them. Rather buy Taquahs, or some other West African. Well, I really must. Au revoir."

"One of the best-informed men I know," the broker told Our Stroller. "Mixes with all sorts of people who know things. Don't give me the whole lot, my dear boy."

And in the discussion of the omelette, finance was for some few minutes overlooked.

Friday, April 6, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. W. R.—The Rangoon shares should be a fair investment if the estimates in the prospectus are justified by actual results. The issued capital is £150,000 debentures, £150,000 pref., and the same amount of ordinary shares.

J. W. M.—Your letter was fully answered on the 3rd inst.

BETA.—You had better hold both.

S. L. (Hants).—We know little of the Company, but the conditions do not strike us as unreasonable. These things are

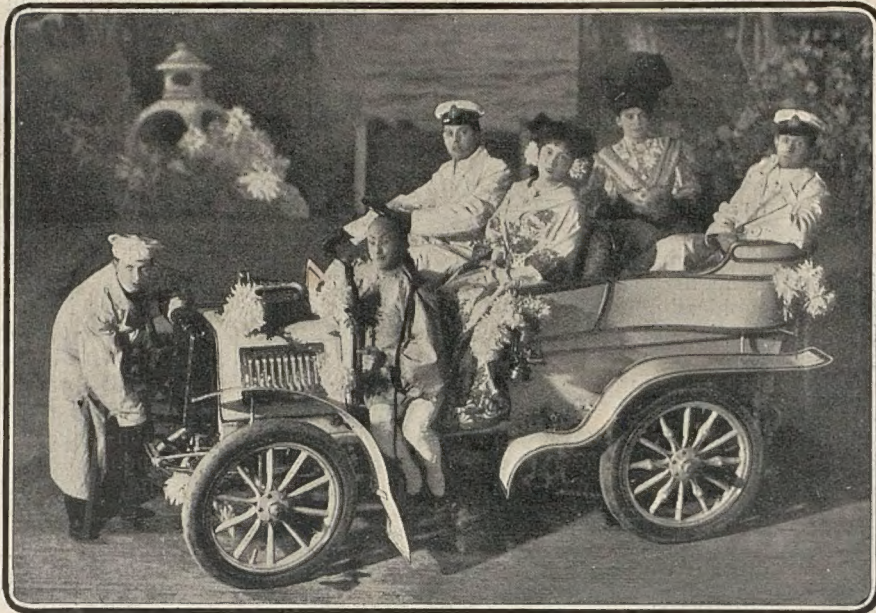
instituted for the purpose of helping people to save by small amounts, and the collection, account-keeping, &c., is, as in the case of provident insurance, expensive. As to the other investment, we would rather not advise, as we have no information of value.

J. S.—Your letter was answered on the 4th instant.

JANITOR.—We have a poor opinion of the mine.

TIPS BY CAPTAIN COE.

There will be some fairly good racing at Leicester. I fancy Arabi for the Billesdon Plate, and I think Gun Club should go close for the Melton Plate. For the Bottesford Handicap I like Mother Goose. The Spring Handicap may be won by Brownist, and I think Bushy Boy will go close for the Wigston Plate. I think the Bank Holiday meetings are best left to the wisdom of post speculators, and I will only suggest that Glenamoy has a chance on the book of winning the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park. For the Lancashire Steeplechase, at the Manchester Meeting, Oatlands and Wolf's Folly should go close. The first-named met with a mishap in the Grand National, while Wolf's Folly finished the course, despite a bad flinch. Of the two, I like Oatlands the better.



"THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM" ON TOUR: SOME MEMBERS OF MR. FRANK CURZON'S COMPANY.

Our photograph shows Miss Ruth Lincoln on the front seat of the car; Mr. F. Pope Stamper at the wheel; and Miss Isabelle Dillon and Mr. Davy Burnaby at the rear of the car. The Chinaman is Mr. O. E. Lennon. The company is under the direction of Mr. George W. Lindsay.

Photograph by Chalkley, Gould, and Co.



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